

1608/S418

THE
S C H O O L
F O R
T U T O R S.



THE
SCHOOL
FOR
TUTORS.
CONSISTING OF
A SERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHIEFLY BETWEEN
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
AND HIS
TUTOR.

WRITTEN BY A LADY,
SINCE DECEASED, THE AUTHORESS OF
SEVERAL FORMER PUBLICATIONS.

—*cuncta putat unâ Virtute minora.*

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM FLEXNEY, Holborn.

1788.

THE
 JOHN
 FOR
 TUTOR
 CONSISTING OF
 A SERIES OF CORRESPONDENCE
 BETWEEN
 A YOUNG GENTLEMAN



WRITTEN BY

LONDON:
 PUBLISHED BY WILKINSON, FISHER, & CO.,
 1873.

P R E F A C E.

A WORK which justly merits the Title affixed to that which is now before us, ought to stand in Need of no Preface or Introduction to recommend it to the Notice and Favour of the Public, not only the Community in general, but every individual Member of it, being deeply interested in what these Letters are intended to inculcate and enforce, the proper Education and Instruction of that Class of young Men who are born to greater Expectations, and to move in a higher Sphere of Life than the Generality of Mankind;

those to whom we naturally look up as the Persons likely to become the first Characters in public as well as private Life, and to fill the most distinguished Stations in the Kingdom ; who are not only to guide the Helm of State in the Cabinet at Home, but also to represent us at foreign Courts, where their Conduct and Abilities will be the Criterion by which the Powers Abroad will form their Judgement and Opinion of the whole Nation, and will either revere or despise us according as the general Tenor of their Actions shall exhibit good Morals, and a Judgment well informed, or the Reverse of those, a dissolute Turn of Mind, and an Ignorance or Neglect of every Thing becoming a Scholar and a Gentleman.

The ancient *Romans*, so distinguished in History for having arrived at the highest Pitch of human Grandeur and Power, and for having spread their victorious Banners to the most

most remote Corners of the known World, acquired that Superiority not more by the Valour and Intrepidity of their Soldiers, than by the superior Skill and Knowledge of their Commanders, who were equally qualified by the Instruction which they received in their Youth to make a Figure in the Senate and the Field; it being one of the first Principles of Roman Polity to pay Attention to the Education of their young Men, and to train them up to Wisdom, and to the Knowledge of every useful Science, not omitting, as most essential, to impress them with a proper Reverence for the Gods, so that when arrived to Manhood, they might be prepared to acquire and maintain the glorious Character which all were taught to aspire to, that of Conquerors of the whole World; to this End, their Youth, at the Age of Seven Years, were taken from the Care of their Mothers and female Attendants, and at the Expence of the *Commonwealth*, placed under

the Direction of certain Masters in their public Schools, where the best Instructors presided that *Greece* or *Egypt*, at that Time the principal Seats of Learning, could supply. During the purest *Æra* of the *Roman Republic*, its Wisdom and good Sense is in nothing more conspicuous than in thus training their Youth to the Knowledge and Practice of the same Wisdom that was the Basis and the Support of their universal Power. By *Wisdom*, as here used, meaning what they expressed in their Language by the Word *Prudentia*, a Deity which they principally adored, and placed as the first of their Cardinal Virtues.

*Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia, sed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, Cæloque locamus.*
Juv.

But the *Romans* trusted not to that jilting Goddess *Fortune*, placing their Confidence on a more stable Foundation, the *Wisdom* or *Prudence*

dence of their Councils and Conduct on every trying Occasion.

When the Tutor, after this Model, has instilled into his Pupil the true *Amor Patriæ*, an earnest Desire and thorough Knowledge and Abilities to serve his Country, both by his Actions and his Example, it should seem that he has finished his Work, the Character of a *Patriot* so qualified appearing necessarily to involve in it every other Accomplishment; nevertheless, let me add a few Remarks on those essential Endowments of an enlarged and generous Mind, *good Morals* and *good Breeding*; meaning the Former to include every Duty of *Religion*, and the Latter implying of Course every Ornament of *Grace*.

Religion and *Morality* are the most essential Qualities of a well regulated Mind; we may be allowed to call them the Nerves and Sinews, the Main Springs, without which the Machine becomes vain and useless, and loses
its

its whole Force and Vigour. There is scarcely any greater Benefit derived to the Community from those who are placed in a higher Sphere of Life, than that which arises from the good Example they give to those below them: I need not say, for it must occur to every One, how greatly the Effect and Operation will fail, be our Superiors never so improved and enlightened in other Respects, if they appear regardless of, and indifferent to all religious and moral Principles; for, then, instead of dispensing the blessed Influence of an exalted Pattern on all who are within their Sphere of Action, they will, on the Contrary, like baneful Meteors, spread Destruction on all around them, and will do greater Mischief in Proportion as their Blaze is more illustrious, and the Orb in which they move is wider and more extended. I cannot conclude this Part of my Subject better than by adding what our own Countryman the great *Mr. Locke* in his *Treatise on Education* says in
this

this Respect, viz. “ I place *Virtue* as the
 “ first and most necessary of those Endow-
 “ ments which belong to a Man or a Gentle-
 “ man, as absolutely requisite to make him
 “ valued and beloved by others, and tolerable
 “ to himself, and without which, I think
 “ he will be happy neither in this nor the
 “ other World.”

Good Breeding is the next Thing I men-
 tioned to observe upon.—This Quality is
 called in one of the *Spectators*, artificial Good-
 nature, which I think a very happy Defini-
 tion ; the two following Particulars being re-
 quisite to attain it ; *First*, a Disposition of
 Mind not to offend others ; and, *Secondly*,
 the most agreeable Way of expressing that
 Disposition. The Person who does not pos-
 sess these from Nature, must determine to ac-
 quire the *First* from Habit ; and *the Second* is
 chiefly attainable from a thorough Knowledge
 of the World, and by Observations on the
 Manners

Manners and Behaviour of the most accomplished Characters in that Way ; and nothing is so likely to form a well-bred Man as *Travel* into foreign Countries, and visiting there the Courts of Princes, which are the Soil and Nursery of true Politeness. *Travel* is the Source from whence real Improvement must be drawn; by seeing Men and conversing with People of different Tempers and Manners ; by *Travel*, a young Man has Opportunities to examine the Designs, and observe the Address, the various Arts and Inclinations of Men of the World ; and under the inoffensive Guard of a civil and obliging Behaviour, he may keep himself safe in his Conversation and Intercourse with all he meets with, and at the same Time gain the good Opinion and Acquaintance of Persons of Condition, and improve himself by their Example and Imitation ; for if he shews a Desire to gain Information of the Customs, Manners, and Government of the Country

he

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he is in, he will surely meet with Encouragement and Assistance among the best and most informed Persons by whom he will be received, and whom he will find ever ready to Countenance and instruct an ingenious and inquisitive Foreigner. His best Guide to the Attainment of these Accomplishments, and to the Improvement which I have been speaking of, will be a well-chosen Tutor, who will point out to him by his Instructions, as well as by his Example, the properest and most direct Road that leads to the Temple of the *Graces*, and to the Possession of Virtue; and the Pupil thus amply furnished with every Qualification that can best enable him to exhibit a shining Pattern to the World, that can render him a Model of Perfection (as far as Humanity can be perfect) and give him the last Polish which is to complete the Gentleman and the Statesman, the το Περτον, which that elegant and instructive Writer the great Lord *Chesterfield* recommends as so necessary

necessary

cessary to a finished Character, such a Pupil will become a Blessing not only to the particular Country or Community which is so happy as to rank him in the Number of its Citizens, but also to the World in general. What pleasing Emotions of Heart must the Tutor feel, whose Labours and Assiduity have produced so perfect a Model, such an exemplary Pattern for Imitation : like a skilful and industrious Gardiner, who exults with secret Joy in viewing the flourishing State of his Plants, the blooming Produce of his Toil and Cultivation, *the Wonders of his Hand*, he will cry out in the expressive Apostrophè of our Poet *Thompson*;

*Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,
To breath th' enlivening Spirit; and to plant
The generous Purpose in the glewing Breast.*

The

P R E F A C E. xv

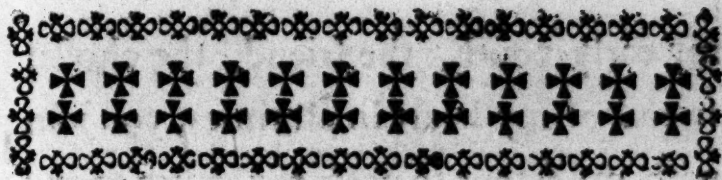
The Author of this Introduction flatters himself that the Work here offered to the Public, exhibits the Picture of such a Tutor, and such a Pupil; and though it be the Fashion in modern Publications to decry our Contemporaries, and to complain of the Degeneracy of the Age we live in, he will not copy them in such a Practice, but will rather say, and be pleased that he can say with Truth, that his own Knowledge and Observation furnish him with many Instances of Characters of this Sort now existing, which do not fall short of our highest Expectations, and which afford him an Opportunity that he will not omit, of congratulating his Countrymen on the pleasing Prospect that such Characters present to us, which, without Flattery, he may add are imputable in a great Degree to the Example of the first Personage in the Kingdom, who shines a most illustrious Character, not only as the Father of his Family, but of his Country.

May

May so exalted a Pattern continue to operate with due Influence to the Improvement of the rising Generation; and if the small, but well-meant Attempt of the deceased Authors of the following Letters shall, by disseminating the Principles of Virtue and Morality, and an Abhorrence of Vice and Dissipation among the better Sort of Youth of her own and the other Sex, contribute in the least Degree to the same good End, it will be the utmost that is sought or expected from the Publication of them.



THE



THE
S C H O O L
F O R
T U T O R S.

EVERARD VILLERS, *Esq* to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, *Esq*.

LETTER. I.

Marseilles, June 8.

E *Tu Brute!*—and you too, my dear
Woodley, the play-fellow of my
boyish days, the guide, the preceptor of
B my

my early youth, the friend, the chosen friend of my heart in all times, you join with my father to press my return to my native Land ! Like him, you tell me, it is time to call into use the Talents you have cultivated, and that the approaching Parliament is an occasion too important to be neglected by a man who loves his country, and wishes to exert himself in the glorious cause of Liberty. Thus far you agree, but you, my dear Woodley, farther add, that you are certain, (tho' you don't expect me to own it) that nothing can detain me so long in so distant a province but love—Well then, spite of the invincible reserve of my temper, which, though conscious of, I cannot correct,—I will
confess



confess to you, that I am in love;—my heart, I fear, is irrecoverably engaged. But why do I say, I fear it? If an angelic mind matched to an angelic form, if the modesty of an Englishwoman, blended with the warmth and energy of an Italian, and the sprightly gaiety of a Frenchwoman, in one word, if Cecilia Mildmay cannot justify me, I must plead guilty, for I glory in my fault; judge then if there is any hope of amendment.

The first time I saw this enchanting creature was at Paris, the last carnival, at a Ball. Though the company was numerous and brilliant, my eyes had no sooner distinguished her, than every

other object disappeared. A form so graceful, a face so regularly beautiful, and a countenance animated with such peculiar expression, I never had till that moment met with; the only fault that could be attributed to so perfect a figure was rather too much embonpoint for so young a lady, but that was more than compensated by the ease and elegance of all her motions.

My first idea was to ask her hand, but to my inexpressible disappointment, she told me, with great politeness, that she did not dance; which refusal was accompanied with such grace, that in one instant I was gone beyond redemption; I was now embarrassed past imagination,

tion, because I could not decline dancing without seeming too particular; but I soon found that love is a great master, and never fails to furnish expedients to his Votaries; for in the very first dance I contrived to turn my foot, and complaining of violent pain, I limped away to the farther end of the room, fully determined to watch the first favorable opportunity of approaching my fair conqueror, and entering into conversation with her; but before this could be effected, I was obliged to go through the ceremony of listening to all the various condolences on my accident, and to return my thanks for the numberless remedies that were proposed to me for a sprain; at length the tu-

mult of the Ball beginning again, I was left free to follow my Inclinations, which led me to the place where I so eagerly longed to be.

Concluding her to be French (for out of discretion I had made no enquiry about her) I addressed her in that language, but some English words pronounced with the greatest purity, made me doubtful which country was happy enough to have given birth to so charming a creature; on my testifying my surprize and pleasure on hearing my own language so agreeably spoken, she told me that her father was an Irish Negotiant, settled at Marseilles, at which place she herself was born, and that she
had

had received her Education at Paris in an English Convent, where she had had an opportunity of perfecting herself in the language of a country she felt a natural Partiality for, though she could hardly flatter herself with ever seeing it. The Evening past rapidly whilst I gazed and listened my soul away, and it was with regret I found myself obliged to mix again with the company at supper; I had, however, the satisfaction of being near my Charmer, who discovered a new Talent by singing several Italian Airs, at the desire of the Mistress of the house, who accompanied her on the forte piano, after which we sung several Duos together, though I was so attentive to her voice that I be-

lieve I acquitted myself intollerably ill. Oh ! Woodley, to what perfection does she possess my favourite language and my favourite Accomplishments ; the numbers of Petrarch derive new harmony from her voice, and Gluck and Piccini compose for her alone. Very soon after supper she retired, accompanied by a lady of a certain age, and an officer of a genteel figure, in the Irish brigade, who was, as I learnt, a Relation. In the course of our conversation, I had asked her permission to wait on her, under pretence of lending her some Italian books, but she informed me that she must go out of town the next morning, so that I lost all hopes of seeing her again, unless
chance

chance were to favour me. For many weeks after I sought her in every place of public Resort, but without success; at last I bethought myself of enquiring at the house of the Lady where I had first seen her, but all the intelligence I could gain, was, that she was still in the country, and, as she heard, greatly indisposed; in this state of doubt and uneasiness I remained, till about ten weeks ago I happened to sup with some young Frenchmen, one of whom was to set out for Marseilles the week following. His intended Journey became the subject of conversation, and gave him occasion to speak of the place he was going to. The very instant Marseilles was mentioned, I felt my heart flutter, and
I asked

I asked him many questions relating to that opulent seat of commerce. He expressed great Astonishment that I had never visited a City so well deserving the notice of a Foreigner, and proposed my accompanying him. The offer was too tempting to be refused, I accepted it at once, and a few days after we set out. During the course of our journey I asked him if he knew Mr. Mildmay, and had the pleasure to be answered in the affirmative; but though I longed to enquire about Cecilia, I restrained my curiosity, as I hold it as a maxim, that the name of the woman one loves ought never to be used but with the utmost circumspection. In short, on arriving at Marseilles, my
obliging

obliging Companion introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. Mildmay, but what was my surprise and Rapture when, on the very first visit, I found his lovely daughter with him—she blushed exceedingly at seeing me, and I believe my confusion equalled her's. But if I found her beautiful at Paris, she was ten thousand times more so at Marseilles, for her complexion had acquired a yet greater degree of delicacy, and her shape much greater Elegance, owing to her being vastly thinner, which she told me was the consequence of the fit of Illness she had had in the Country. From that day I visited constantly at the house, where I had full liberty of conversing with the Mistress of my heart, and

and studying her character, yet I can safely say, that in all that time I have never once said a word that tended to a declaration of love, though her expressive Eyes have often told me it was not only expected but desired: Nay, I believe, I am the only man of her acquaintance who has never once paid her a compliment on her Person, but that again is owing to my peculiar way of thinking; for I have ever thought that a man who seems too much captivated with the personal charms of the woman whom he means to make his companion for life, must awaken her fears, for what may be his sentiments when time or sickness impairs the Attractions he seems so fond of.

But

But to return to what I was saying, I neither have spoke, nor do I intend to speak to her on the subject so near my heart, till I know my father's sentiments on it, till then I dare not run the risk of engaging her Affections, and hazarding her Tranquility; for I could bear to be unhappy myself, but to render her so!—On the other hand, to give pain to such a father, by opposing him in a point where every parent places happiness—I could not bear the Thought. Not that my father would refuse his consent, were I to declare to him that my happiness depended on it; but could I be happy if it cost him a Regret?—Woodley, you know that I never yet felt by Experience, the weight of
of

of parental authority, if I had, my temper and character are such, that I should perhaps have been tempted to oppose it, but the Gentleness, the Goodness, of Sir Arthur Villars, have been more powerful, and have restrained me more than the utmost severity could have done with the most abject Mind. You well know, that from the age of eleven years, I have been almost my own Master; I have even sometimes blamed my father for exposing me to temptations too strong for my age, yet from that time till near three and twenty, I can with truth aver that I have never once abused that liberty, or given him cause to repent of the Confidence he placed in me. Yet, of all his various
Indulgences,

Indulgences, that which is dearest to my heart, which calls for my warmest gratitude, was the permitting me to decide for myself in the choice of a travelling Tutor; and well has he been rewarded for that permission since I have found in Woodley,

“My Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.”—

Then what return can I make for such unparalleled Goodness, but that of abiding by *his* decision in an article so important, and so essential to *his* happiness, who has hitherto studied to contribute to mine. Bankrupts as we are, it is the only opportunity we have of proving our Gratitude to the authors of our Being, and of acquitting some part of the vast debt we have contracted.

I know

I know too well, that my father on different occasions, has often exprest his disapprobation of connexions between persons of different Countries and Religion (and indeed it was formerly my own way of thinking) yet were he once to see my Cecilia, I cannot help flattering myself he would easily get over what is after all but an illiberal Prejudice. I have already obtained her father's leave to correspond with her under pretence of perfecting myself in the French language, which she writes, with the greatest Elegance. But my letters, like my conversation, must be those of the affectionate friend, rather than the lover. By the way, Woodley, I have an idea, that my sister is in the
same

same state as myself, for though she always wrote well, there is for some months past a degree of Energy, a tenderness of sentiment, and a stile so animated in her Letters, that I strongly suspect she has felt the influence of the tender Passion; for I have always remarked that women, from being obliged to caution with the object of their love, become doubly tender in their Manners and Expressions to all around them. I find she is very happy in the company of Miss Ottley, whom my father, with his usual Benevolence, invited to Villers castle, on the failure of her Guardian who had embezzled the greatest part of her fortune. My sister writes me word that she is sensible and agree-

C

able,

able, but of her person not a word, by which I conclude she is not handsome ; for Clara is too handsome herself to fear competition, so that she would do justice to her friend.—But what is all that to me ? My heart is shut against all Attractions but those which unite in the Mind and Person of Cecilia ; and whether it is decreed that she should make me happy, or that I am obliged to relinquish my darling Plan of life, no other woman shall ever possess my heart or wear my Name. I shall remain here about three weeks longer, to take leave of some persons who have shewn me great Civility :—and indeed to try to prepare myself properly for a separation, the Pangs of which I must keep close confined

fin'd in my own bosom ; from hence I
 shall stop at Paris to purchase Books for
 my father, and some elegant Baubles
 for my sister, and then as Hamlet says,
 “ for England ho ! ”

LETTER II.

Francis Woodley, Esq.

To Everard Villers, Esq.

Woodley Green—

STILL the same Everard Villers, still
 the same noble, the same exalted
 Mind as ever. With what Pride, what
 Pleasure do I reflect on the Progress of
 those virtues I have watched from their
 earliest dawn, to their now full Maturity!

'Tis with an inexpressible Pleasure that I recall the time we past in the delightful country you now inhabit, and the yet more delightful Climes of Italy ; my task was of a different nature to what is usually supposed to be that of a person in my Employment. Instead of checking and restraining the wild and unruly passions of headstrong Youth, I found myself obliged to call off the attention of my young Philosopher from too intense thinking, and too deep speculation, for study to you was Pleasure, and Pleasure Toil.

I cannot recollect even now, without Tears, the different instances of your humanity and Beneficence, which I discovered

vered in almost every place where we made any abode, and at this instant, my Imagination fondly dwells on the interesting scene I was witness to at Paris, so much against your will.

For a young man to refuse an Invitation to a ball, to go out unattended so mysteriously, in so unusual a manner, had, I own, awakened my suspicions for a moment, and I thought my Everard liable to the Errors of other Youths of his age, with only the difference of acting with more decency. I blush to confess that I gained your servant to watch you, that guided by him I followed you.—I think at this instant, I see you administering Comfort and Relief

to the wretched family who surrounded you with tears and blessings. You were fitting by the Bed of the venerable old man, a child of four years old on your knee, whilst the afflicted Mother was calling away two others who were climbing up to throw their little arms round your Neck.—On my entrance you started up, and with a Look I had never seen from you before, you said in English, “ Woodley, you have your pleasures, “ why do you break in upon mine ?” That expression at once recalled me to the coolness I had observed in you some days before, and I at once guessed at the occasion of it. I imagined (nor was I wrong in my conjecture) that you had by some accident discovered that I had
been

been fortunate enough to save from the horrors of Indigence a young Creature whose beauty exposed her to the most imminent Dangers. Accustomed as I had been to point out to you occasions of exerting your Benevolence, my tenderness for you had made me seek to secure you from a Temptation, where not your virtue, but your heart would have been exposed, since even mine, guarded as it was by an attachment for her who now renders me the happiest of men, was almost on the point of yielding to the force of exquisite Beauty and exquisite Distress. This, I think, was the only Contest that ever arose between us, and this cemented the friendship that had so long been formed.

But not to dwell on past scenes, which never fail to call forth regret, let me now answer your last letter. The Picture you have drawn of Miss Mildmay is indeed such as I could wish for the Partner of your life; that is, were the Picture drawn by any other hand than that of a Lover.

That you are a very accurate judge of her beauty and Accomplishments I have no doubt, but are you sure you do not take the rest of her Character upon trust? You know what has ever been my opinion, and indeed your own as to the woman who is formed to make you happy; nay, we have often talked on the subject till we have agreed that
there

there is no such woman. To love you must appear easy to every female who sees you, or rather very difficult to avoid it; but to judge you properly, and to take the proper methods to secure her conquest, requires more Penetration, Patience and Perseverance, than is given to most women;—I should hardly imagine it would be a Frenchwoman; excuse me, Mr. Villers, if I thus freely express myself on an article whereon depends the happiness of your life, but you are so nicely susceptible, so exquisitely tenacious, that might I be allowed the Expression, you are almost jealous of yourself, for the woman who loves you (I almost said whom you permit to love you) must prefer exactly
those

those Qualities in you on which you yourself set the greatest value, or she will be sure to displease you. Like the Alcibiades of Marmontel, it must be Everard Villers himself divested of every other consideration; for should his fine Person, or his uncommon accomplished Mind, appear to have any share in gaining her affections, they will appear to him as so many Rivals, and she will be considered as loving him for her own sake not for his. Now, my dear young Friend, are you well assured that your Cecilia is acquainted with these Peculiarities, and that if she is, she will make it her duty and pleasure to conform to them. I greatly fear that a celebrated Beauty (and that a French one)

one) is of all other women the least likely to answer your Ideas, or fulfill your wishes. That the genius of the two Nations are widely opposite no one will certainly deny, but yet there are many instances of Frenchmens adopting the English Character; in the other sex, I doubt if a single instance can be found. Let me for one moment consider the reasons for this, which however to me appear extremely obvious. It is natural for every thinking Being to seek his advantage and avoid what is prejudicial to him. Now a Frenchman born with a strong marked character (which happens oftener than we are willing to allow) if that character is improved by a liberal Education, will
soon

discover that the mode of his Government is calculated to cramp the mind, and prevent its soaring to the heights it is capable of. When therefore he comes to consider the Excellence of our Constitution, even now in its declining and corrupted state, where every man is sure that his life, his Property and his freedom, are carefully watched over and secured by the laws; when he comes to consider, I say, the advantages that arise from living in such a state, where every Individual is free, as is his thought, he will compare it with his own, and insensibly contract the Manners of a People whom he is compelled to esteem, and at least he will find in his new way of thinking, the advantages of enlarg-
ing

in his faculties, and giving new Energy to his soul. But with the other sex the case is widely different. Adored in France, with us, to our shame be it spoken, they are scarce noticed; they would lose too much by exchanging their Coquetry, their caprices, and their pretty *manege*, for the plain simple Manners and reserve of our Countrywomen; not but I think they would gain greatly, by a conduct from us that held the medium; and to be truly happy, I would counsel the women of both Nations, to make choice either of thinking Frenchmen, who have mixed much with the English, or Englishmen who have travelled with advantage and Profit.—I had almost said, like Everard

Villers,—

Villers,—they would be less courted and flattered, but much more loved and valued than they are now.

Bnt I have made a long Digression ; let me return to your Letter. I cannot help admiring the Influence of the Passions even in the most candid and sensible Minds ! You say you doubt not but Sir Arthur will alter his Opinion, which you now treat as an illiberal Prejudice, though you allow it was formerly your own way of thinking. And so really my dear Everard, you fancy, that you were less liable to form a just and sound Judgment, when your Reason was undisturbed, and your head clear and calm, than now when the Influence

fluence of a violent Passion, shews you every Object through a false Medium, and the agitated Heart alone is consulted and listened to. My dear young Friend, the falaciousness of your Argument, is so evident, that a moment's Reflexion will make you blush to have made use of it. However, I shall say no more on this subject, your duty towards the best of fathers, and his Tendernefs towards you, will best settle that point to your mutual satisfaction, and if virtue be the favourite care of heaven, you cannot fail to be happy. As to the Article that relates to me, it calls for my most grateful Thanks, but at the same time it calls for some Eclaircissement from me, which you
would

would have had long ago, had not your excessive Reserve prevented that communication which is so necessary and so pleasing from friend to friend; but as what I have to say will be rather long, I chuse to make it the subject of another Letter, which will meet you at your Banker's at Paris.

You have guessed very rightly in regard to Miss Ottley, she is a very plain woman, by superficial Observers even thought ugly, but to my taste no woman can be that, who has good Eyes, good Teeth, and a Countenance that speaks health and sensibility, which is the case of that Lady. I am far from supposing she can greatly attract the notice of
a man

a man whose heart is engrossed by so lovely an object as that which you have described; but if you wish a sensible agreeable companion, a warm and steady Friend, you cannot chuse better than Harriet Ottley, for she is all that, and much more. It is time to finish this enormous Packet, and to assure you I am entirely

Yours,

FRANCIS WOODLEY.

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The

The SAME to the SAME.

LETTER III.

IT is now time, my dear Mr. Villers, to enter into those Particulars I promised in my last, in doing which, I shall perhaps surprise you, though I am sure I shall add pleasure to that Surprise, and that I shall augment the high Opinion you have of some of the Persons concerned in what I am about to relate.

In order to do this, I must go back,
“even to my boyish Years.”

My

My Father was a younger brother of a good family, but so small a fortune, that he had very little more to support the Appearance of a Gentleman, than what a Company in a marching Regiment afforded him. Whilst he was in Quarters he came acquainted with my Mother, who struck with his Person, which was very agreeable, fell in love with him, and taking no other Council than that of her Heart, she married him without asking that consent which she was sure not to obtain. Her Father was one of those people who, when they cannot make things as well as they wish, always chuse to make them as bad as they can, refused to see the young Couple, struck my Mother out of his

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will,

Will, and died soon after. Though this was a Disappointment to my father, it made but little difference in his Manner of living, and none at all in his Manner of treating my Mother. He was good natured, thoughtless and extravagant; my Mother, too partially fond of him to find Fault with any thing he did; so that in a few years they found themselves in an exceeding embarrassed Situation. I was the first Fruit of this Union, and the only one that lived, though my Mother had several other children who died in their Infancy. At the beginning of the last War, my Father's Regiment was ordered on Service, and in the very first Action a cannon Ball deprived him of his Life, and

and us of all our Hopes: I leave to you to judge what we felt on this occasion: I was at that time near Fourteen Years old, and the Darling of my Mother, to whom I owed what little Education I had received; for as we had always followed my father from place to place, I had no Opportunity of regular Instruction; but I had been trained from my Infancy in the School of Adversity, which after all, is a great Improver of the human Mind, so that I was more manly, more steady, and more reflecting, than Boys of my age usually are.

My whole Endeavours were therefore turned to support my only remaining Parent, under a stroke which nothing

but her Anxiety for me, could have enabled her to bear up against; yet, it must be confessed, our situation was truly deplorable; without friends, without present subsistence, or future hope! But Providence had not totally abandoned us; for my Mother received a Letter of Condolance from a distant relation in London; (we were then at ———) inviting us to his house, till something could be done for our future Support.

This Relation, whose name was Philmore, enjoyed a very good Place in the Custom-house, but a large Family, consisting of a Wife and seven Children, put it out of his Power to be
any

any way farther useful to us, than by his Advice, and an Asylum for a short Time, as the House which he occupied in Dover-street, and which was large and handsome, was let in great Part to Members of Parliament during the Winter; but an Apartment happening at that Time to be vacant, he kindly offered it to us, till we could see what was to be done. You may imagine we lost no Time in accepting this kind Offer; we immediately set out, and met with a very cordial Reception from the Family. Mr. Philmore advised my Mother to solicit for a Pension on the Irish Establishment; and in Order to that, he told her he would introduce her to a Gentleman who was in Parlia-

ment, and who had occupied his first Floor for two Years, and who being God-father to his youngest Child, of whom he was very fond, often called on them. The Account he gave us of the Gentleman to whose Patronage he meant to introduce us, was this: That Sir Arthur Villers, at the age of Twenty, an Heir to an immense Fortune, was married by his Guardian to a very rich Heiress, who a few Weeks after his coming of Age, died in Child-bed of Twins, which Loss had so strongly affected the young Widower, that he immediately retired to his seat in the Country, declaring his Intention of devoting himself to the Care of his two Children, and never marrying again.

This

This Resolution was looked on as the effect of a momentary Sensation, in a Man so young, so rich, and so calculated to please ; but two Years having passed without his coming to London, his Friends began to think differently ; the Year following he was chose into Parliament, the Duties of which he closely pursued, attached to no Party, and biaased by no Views but the Interest of his Country, and speaking with great Warmth and Eloquence on the Side of the Court or the People, as the Circumstance and his Conscience dictated ; that he saw but little Company, whilst in Town, and as soon as the Parliament Season was over, he hastened back to his Estate, where he reigned
over

over a sort of little Commonwealth, adored by all Degrees of People, for his Liberality, his Humanity, and his Affability; that in London he was differently looked upon, being esteemed a Misanthrope by the Women, and as an Oddity by the Creatures of the Court, and the Orators of the Opposition.

Such, Madam, added Mr. Philmore, is the Gentleman whom I mean to interest in your Favour, and if he will undertake it, nothing can be more easy to him, through the Means of his Brother-in-law, Lord Everard, who is a Peer of Ireland.

Two Days after this Conversation, we were summoned down by Mr. Philmore, and presented to Sir Arthur Vilers. By what he is now, you may easily judge what he was at Five and Twenty, and that he made the most favourable Impression on our Minds. If he had less Dignity in his Person than his Son, he had on the other Hand, an Openness in his Countenance, a Look of chearful Goodness that captivated at the first Glance. After the first Compliments, Mr. Philmore began to explain to him what he wished to obtain for us ; but my Mother, not being able to support the Detail, withdrew to her Apartment, and left me with them. The Baronet listened attentively

tentively to the Discourse of Mr. Philmore, and seemed much moved at the Account of our Situation; but when he mentioned a Pension on the Irish Establishment, he paused for a few Moments, then answered with a Smile, I am the worst Man in the World to apply to for Things that are not in my own Power to bestow; however, I will think of it; but do not let the Lady depend on me if she has any other Means of Success. I own this careless Answer did not greatly prejudice me in his Favour, which hurt me the more, as I felt myself strongly attracted towards him. The Conversation then turned on different Topics, during which Time Sir Arthur kept his Eyes fixed

fixed on me, with such Attention, that Mr. Philmore took an Opportunity from thence of speaking in my Favour, and so warm was the good Man in my Praises, particularly extolling my Tenderness and Attention to my Mother, that the Tears came into my Eyes, and I was going to leave the Room, but Sir Arthur took me by the Hand, and brought me back ; he commended me for my filial Piety, exhorted me to continue the same laudable Conduct, and soon after took his Leave. I saw by Mr. Philmore's Manner, that he was disappointed by the Baronet's Behaviour, but my Mother seemed little affected by it ; she had shaken Hands with Hope, and was resigned and prepared

pared for the worst that could happen. A Fortnight had elapsed, during which Time Mr. Philmore had the Mortification to hear that Sir Arthur Villers was gone out of Town; when one Morning, as we were sitting at Breakfast, a Letter was brought to my Mother by a Messenger, who immediately disappeared. But what was her Astonishment, when on breaking it open, she found it contained a Bank Note of 75*l*. and these Words:

MADAM,

As the Person who takes the Liberty of offering you this Trifle, is conscious that he has taken the only Method of
securing

securing himself from a Refusal, he informs you that he intends to remain unknown, but that you will receive the like Sum quarterly. The only thing that is required on your Part is to give your Son a Classcal Education, and every Accomplishment befitting a Gentleman, do not concern yourself about his future Destination, nor train him to any particular Profession; in due time that will be taken care of. If he turns out what he promises to be, it will be in his Power amply to requite any Obligation your Delicacy may give you room to think you are under to your

UNKNOWN FRIEND.

You

You may easily guess our Astonishment at so extraordinary an Epistle, Mr. and Mrs. Philmore were immediately consulted, and the Seal and Hand writing carefully examined, but all to no purpose; our Conjectures naturally fell on Sir Arthur Villers, but Mr. Philmore said he was sure it was not him, for that in the only Visit he had made since we saw him, he had very slightly enquired after us, and shrugging up his Shoulders, he added, to be sure Sir Arthur is a very good young Man, but after all he is certainly a great Oddity. However, let the thing be as it would, it was our Part to make the best of the good which Providence had thrown in our way,

though

though my Mother was far from being easy, as Caprice or Accident of various Sorts might interrupt the Course of his Bounty, and again leave us to Distress and Indigence. My Mother soon after this removed into a Lodging in Piccadilly, near Mr. Philmore's, and in order to fulfill the Intention of our unknown Benefactor, I was sent, as soon as possible, to Eton. Nothing could be more agreeable to my own Inclinations, but the parting with my Mother was to me like the stroke of Death. Her Character was such a mixture of Mildness and Fortitude, her Temper was so even, and her conduct so exemplary, that I loved her as the best of Friends at the same time that I reve-

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red her as the best of Parents. With
300l. a Year she was enabled to bestow
on me the first Education ; for a Heart
dead to all Enjoyments the Wants of
Life are few, and this was literally her
Case. But this occasioned a continual
Contest between us, for she denied her-
self every thing in order to supply me
more abundantly, and all the Money I
received from her, I constantly laid out
in every thing which I thought might
be either necessary or agreeable to her;
our Incognito was punctual to his quar-
terly Payments, so that we insensibly
grew accustomed to our Situation, and
the Dread of wordly Want ceased to
torment us. At the proper time I
went to the University, where I applied
to

to my Studies with such Affiduity, and was so regular in my Conduct, that I gained the Favour of all my Superiors; but that which puzzled us the most was, that, during the Time I was at Eton, and afterwards at College, there were from time to time different Persons who made the most exact Scrutiny into my Conduct and Manner of Life. My Times of Recess were all devoted to my Mother, (whose Health began visibly to decline) except now and then some Visits to our Cousin Philmore, in which Visits I could not help remarking, that Miss Fanny, his eldest Daughter, had a most amiable Character, and a most engaging Person; some such favourable thought had, I imagine, struck her; for

I observed that she behaved differently to me to what she did to other Visitors of my age; but Love was not to be thought of in my Situation, and I declined my Visits where I perceived they grew too dangerous to be indulged. Five Years had elapsed in this manner, and I was now just Nineteen, when my Mother ceased to exist, or rather to suffer; but my situation can only be imagined by those who have felt the like; long, long may it be e'er you can judge of it by experience; the friendly Mr. Philmore did not abandon me at this trying Crisis, he took me home to his own house, and for near a Month his whole Endeavours were employed to draw me out from
the

the Stupor or Despair in which I was plunged. At the end of that time he began to think of what was proper to be done for me. His first step was to discharge my Debts at College, which was soon done, and upon examining what my Mother had left, and what I myself was posselt of, he found that I was Master of Fourscore Pounds, which was all the Fortune I was to expect, as we had no Tidings of the Unknown. Whilst we were taken up with these perplexing Thoughts, a Note was brought me, requesting my Company to Breakfast with Sir Arthur Villers, at his House in Portman Square the next morning. However surpris'd I was at this Invitation, it seem'd to promise

an Eclaircissement, and I no longer doubted but that after all he was the generous Friend who had so kindly administer'd to our wants. But as this conjecture amounted not to Proofs, it threw a kind of Constraint into my Countenance; when I was introduced to him next Morning and I doubt not but I looked as I felt, very aukward. He received me in his study, where Breakfast was prepared, and advanced towards me with with a smiling Air, but casting his Eye on my Mourning Habit, his Countenance changed and betrayed the strongest marks of Sensibility. He touched as lightly and as delicately as possible on my recent Loss; during the
time

time of Breakfast we conversed wholly on subjects of Literature.

When the Table was removed, he made me draw my Chair close to him, and addressed to me the following Discourse, every Word of which made too deep an Impression on me, ever to be forgotten. It is now Time, Mr. Woodley, to explain to you my Intentions, for I imagine you already begin to suspect that I was the Person who was fortunate enough to be useful to yourself and your deserving Mother. The Reason of my Conduct I partly explained in my Letter, but I must confess that it would have been more agreeable to my own Inclinations to have appeared

in the Light of your Friend, and to have watched over your Education. But your Mother was too interesting, and myself too young for me to trust to so dangerous an Acquaintance; I should at some time or another have betrayed myself; in short, I should have disturbed her Tranquility, or endangered my own. Thus far, the Event has answered my Expectations; it rests with you, Mr. Woodley, to determine whether you will complete my Views. I have a Son who is now nine Years old, and, if I am not too partial, he promises to be all a Father can wish. But parental Fondness often misleads us, and it is Education must determine and complete the happy Dispositions

positions he has received from Nature. for this important Charge, young as you were, and chimerical as it might appear, I cast my Eyes on you, the very first Time I saw you; for, said he, smiling, I fancied I saw the young Le Febuse in you, and that Idea was confirmed by Mr. Philmore's Account of you. I have since that kept constant Watch over all your Actions, and find you answer in every Particular to all that I could wish. This then is my Plan, that you should go with me to my Seat, where Everard is now under the Care of a trusty and long tried Servant; that you should gain his Confidence and Affection during the short Time he yet remains at Home. From
thence

thence I shall remove him to Eton, where, in about two Years, he shall enjoy as much liberty as possible ; indeed so much as to think himself perfectly his own Master ; the Times of Recess he will pass with his Aunt, Lady Everard, who will be too indulgent to curb a Temper which promises to be somewhat ungovernable. In this Interval therefore, you must, unknown to him, be near him, and watch with unabating Care over his every Action ; if he has only the Errors of Youth and lively Spirits, they need not be too strictly scrutinized, but the most distant Approaches to Vice or Meanness, must be instantly checked. You will, perhaps, ask me why I do not educate him at Home,

Home, but my Reason for that is plain; I have already told you, that Everard's Temper is haughty and decided. This will undoubtedly increase, nor would I have it entirely broken, as in my Opinion it is wrong to destroy the original Character, if it were even possible. Every one must have some fault, and that kind of Temper is usually the Concomitant of noble and generous Minds. But were he to be confined to the parental Roof, with a too indulgent Father, and surrounded by Vassals who have an Interest to flatter the Faults of their Superiors, it would degenerate into a Spirit of Tyranny, that would in Time render him uneasy to himself, and insupportable to all about him :

him : Whereas, in a public School, where all are on a Level, and where Rank and Fortune give little or no Pre-eminence, he will be obliged to check those Sallies of Temper, and to command himself in order to receive from others that Consideration which is necessary to render a thinking Being happy. Thus much for the first Part of his Education, wherein you will be only tacitly concerned ; but to complete him for the Sphere in which he is to move, to render him the complete, the finished Gentleman, I wish you to accompany him in his Tour through Europe. Mr. Woodley, I am not one of those churlish Englishmen, who look with Contempt on every

every other Country but their own, for I am most firmly of Opinion, that a Man who has never examined into the Modes of Government in other Countries, and compared them with his own, can no more judge of the superior Excellence and Advantages of the British Constitution, than one who has never been sick can set a true and just Value upon Health. He will, by visiting other Climes, enlarge his Views, and wear off that Rust which a strong marked English Character is apt to contract. In Germany he will acquire great Knowledge of the Law of Nations ; in Italy he will perfect himself in the fine Arts ; and in France he will acquire the Urbanity peculiar to that polite

polite and polished Nation. But as the Man who is to be the Guide and Companion of my Son, must be free from all mercenary Views, this, said he, presenting a Parchment to me, will secure to you an Independance which will set you above all Fears for your future Subsistence; it is a Deed that secures to you 300*l.* *per ann.* for your Life. Seeing I was about to give way to the Emotion of Surprize and Gratitude, he stopped me, by a motion of his Hand, and continued in these Terms: You are now to consider with yourself, Mr. Woodley, whether these Arrangements are conformable to your own Inclinations; if you find in yourself the least Reluctance in seconding my

my Views, you have only to declare it; I shall be so far from repenting my trifling Donation, that I shall look on myself as peculiarly happy to have had it in my Power to render a trifling Service to so deserving a young Man. He now paused for my Answer, but Words were no longer in my Power; I rose from my Chair in a Transport of speechless Gratitude, and fell on his Neck, into which I shed a Torrent of Tears. After this first Effusion had subsided, I vowed to him the Services of my future Life, and with Joy accepted the precious Charge he meant to honour me with. Our Conversation then grew calm, and he resumed his Discourse in these Terms: You will
prepare,

prepare, said he, Mr. Woodley, to set out with me in three Days; the Estate you are now Master of, is within two Miles of Villers Castle, and is a late Purchase; you will there have an Opportunity of making an Acquaintance with your future Pupil, and of studying every Turn of his young Mind; and, Mr. Woodley, I have now only one Thing to request of you, which is to forget all that has past in this Morning's Conversation, except what relates to the Method I would have you observe in the Education of my Son. In Effect, I so literally followed what he recommended, he set me so much at Ease with myself, that I entirely lost Sight of the Benefit, to think only of
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the Benefactor, and I loved him with an Affection that would have lost its Energy had it felt the Shackles of Gratitude. But whilst we were on the abovementioned Subject, I took the Liberty of asking him why he did not form the Plan of accompanying his Son on his Travels himself, as no one was more calculated to answer that important Point.

Why, said he, Mr. Woodley, could I divide my Cares, I would certainly accompany him ; but, said he, laughing, you have heard of my Singularities, and what I am going to tell you is one of them. I cannot attend my Son, because I will not trust the Education

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of my Daughter to any one but myself. I know it is a received Notion, but I am sure it is a false one, that a Man is not a proper Person to educate a Woman. But to what End are Women born? Is it not to be our Companions, the Reward of our Toils, and the Friends of our Bosoms? Who then can be better Judges than ourselves of what is calculated to please us? Who better knows what is commendable and Praiseworthy in the other Sex than we to whom their good or ill Qualities are of such Importance?

All Women have little Views in the educating their Daughters, they rather teach them how to conceal their Faults,
than

than put them in the Way not to have them. My Daughter shall never learn to dissemble, because I will endeavour that she shall never have any Inclinations that she need blush to avow. I will endeavour that she shall unite a manly Head to a Female Heart. I was not long happy in the Marriage State, Mr. Woodley, but I know what were the Qualities that endeared Lady Villers to me; and those same Qualities must one Day be required in my Daughter by the Man with whom she is to pass her Life. There is but one Rule of Right and Wrong, though the Modes may differ in different Characters and Tempers, and in giving to Miss Villers the Principles of Honour and Probity,

such as they are received by our Sex, accompanied by that Purity and Modesty which is peculiarly adapted to her own, there is no Fear of her swerving from her Duties, or of rendering the Man unhappy to whom she shall vow Fidelity.

Our Conversation lasted till pretty late, when Sir Arthur permitted me to return home to prepare for my Journey. I was too much obliged to Mr. Philmore, and he was too much my Friend for me to conceal from him what had parted between my Benefactor and me; he joined with me in admiring the mysterious Ways of Providence, and in lamenting the Loss of my Mother, whose

whose Happiness (as far as she was capable of being so) would have been secured by seeing me thus happily provided for. In the three Days I remained with Mr. Philmore, I could not help hinting to him, that if so unlikely an Event should happen, as that Miss Fanny should be single when my Task was fulfilled, she would find a Heart and Hand that would never be given to any other. Mr. Philmore laughed at this Declaration, and said, you are two Children at present, and you are looking forward to at least Ten Years; but, if Fanny should be unprovided for, and you in the same Mind, I assure you, Frank, I know no one on whom I would so willingly bestow her; but

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I expect

I expect that you should exchange no Promises on either Side. He had no Reason to recommend this Caution; for I should have thought it a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality, to act otherwise, and my Resolution was fixed never to think of Matrimony till my Pupil was fairly launched into the World. I obtained, however, the Permission of corresponding with Fanny, as with a Sister, and the generous Girl herself, was the first to approve and to encourage me in my Resolution. Two Days after we set out for Villers Castle; and at the end of the Third we reached that noble Mansion. As Sir Arthur was expected, we were almost stopped for several Miles before we reached

reached it, by a Croud of Tenants of all Degrees, who poured forth Blessings on him as he passed along; it was really an affecting Sight: we were met in the Avenue by two angelic Forms, at Sight of whom, Sir Arthur jumped out of his Carriage, and prest them alternately to his Bosom. The little Clara was all dimpled Smiles and Sweetness; —her Brother,—not quite so smiling, but full as handsome. I could not however help remarking that whilst Sir Arthur answered the Caresses of his Daughter, and hung over her with a Parent's Fondness, his Eyes involuntarily turned to his Son; and three Days had not passed, but I had fresh Reason to believe that this excellent

Man was not quite free from human Weakness; for his Partiality was obvious, though he laboured to conceal it; and I soon found that the whole House was subject to the Nod of a Monarch not quite Nine Years old. As we were on the freest Footing together, I could not help mentioning to him my Remark, telling him at the same Time, that Patriot as he was himself, I found that his Heir was no Enemy to absolute Power. Why there, said he, Woodley, is the true Reason why I will not trust myself with the Education of my Son; I know, and reproach myself with the Difference of my Feelings towards my two Children, and I can no otherwise account for it, but that Clara

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in Person and Temper is as like me as the Difference of Sex and Age will admit, and that Everard is altogether as like Lady Villers. I was now to enter on my pleasing Task, and

“To teach the young Ideas how to shoot;” and after some Time and Pains, I began to see Hopes of Success. I knew the Heart was good and the Mind right; for the great Haughtiness that gave Offence in you, I remarked was only shewn to young People, who thought they might treat you like a Child, or to some of the neighbouring Nobility whom you were told you were to respect; but Distress or old Age could stop your ill Humour in its fullest Career at any Time.—Ah! my dear Mr.

Villers,

Villers, how often have I seen you run away from my Lord N——, who used to load you with Caresses, to walk round the Grounds with the good old Steward, bending under the Weight of Fourscore Years. These certain Proofs of your Sensibility and Goodness of Heart, set me perfectly at Ease, and I was certain Time would do the Rest. I need not recall to your Remembrance that at Eton you were the Dread and Admiration of your Preceptors; such Application, such quickness of Comprehension, such a Love of Study as left all your Competitors far behind you, but if the least degree of Subordination was hinted, or submitting to any Rules but what your

OWN

own Reason suggested, there was no keeping you in Bounds. At Length, the Time arrived for your setting out on your Travels; I had been happy enough to gain your Esteem, you applied to Sir Arthur, who, with some little Difficulty, complied with what his kind Intentions for me had long anticipated. Never did a more promising Youth quit England, and never did a more finished Gentleman return to it, than you did when you were summoned back to celebrate your coming of Age. Sir Arthur's Joy and Tenderneſs on that happy Occaſion you have not forgot, nor ſhall I the Behaviour of both to myſelf. A very few Days after our Return, he called me into his Cloſet,

set, and said, I may now, my dear Woodley, congratulate you and myself on the Completion of all our Wishes, for Everard surpasses what even my most sanguine Hopes had formed. To you I am indebted, but how to pay that Debt? For all pecuniary Rewards are poor; and as to my Esteem and Affection they have long been yours. However, said he, giving me a Deed, this puts you in Possession of Woodley Green, to you and your Heirs for ever; but, said he, as balancing, the Estate is but 300l. per Annum, there is 200l. more just round it; but — but I must not rob Everard———he stopped here, whilst I assured him he had infinitely overpaid what had been the Joy and
Pleasure

Pleasure of my Life. But the next Morning explained the Mystery; he came into my Room, and said with a Smile, Woodley, I told you Yesterday I must not rob Everard, it was well I stopped where I did, otherwise Mr. Villers would, I suppose, have been very angry with his Father; for I had no sooner told him what I had done, than he immediately insisted on making it the whole 500l., so that you see it would have been cruel in me to rob my Son of the Opportunity of proving his Gratitude, though I am sure he does not hold himself acquitted; and I should not esteem him if he did. Thus did the most generous of Patrons contend with each other in heaping Benefits
on

on the Man raised by their Bounty, and thereby enabling him to acquit himself of his obligations to Mr. Philmore, by fulfilling my promises to my deserving, my constant Fanny. When you mentioned to Sir Arthur your Wish of passing another Year in France, I again made him the offer of attending you, but he would not permit me to leave my Family, saying at the same time, that he was perfectly at ease as to your Conduct, and even preferred the leaving you to yourself. I am certain he will have no Reason to repent of the Confidence placed in you, and I only hope that neither his Peace of Mind nor your Tranquility will suffer by the Attachment you have formed. Here

ends

ends my tedious Narration, which I never could have conveyed to you, had I not had the Opportunity of a private Hand.

F. WOODLEY.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

LETTER IV.

Paris.

B E I N G detained here somewhat longer than I intended by a violent Cold, I take the Opportunity of acknowledging the Receipt of your Letter

Letter at Marseilles, and of your Packet, which was delivered to me here. As to the first it requires no immediate Answer, but as to the latter I must, my dear Woodley, give you my real Thoughts on it. The History of your Life moved me to Tears more than once, but my Father's Manner of acting is so familiar to me, that no new Instance of his Goodness and Generosity can increase that Love and Veneration, which I have felt for him ever since I have had the Faculty of reasoning. But would you had stopped there!— Why tell me what I ought never to have known? To discover to me that when I thought the most unbounded Trust reposed in me, I was watched and kept

kept in view—that afterwards, when I imagined I was acting for myself, I was only following a concerted Plan; indeed, indeed, Mr. Woodley, I neither know my Father nor you in that, nor can my perhaps too great sensibility brook what I think an Affront to my Understanding, and an Imposition on my Freewill. However, we will, if you please, drop the Subject, I hope soon to be at Villers Castle, and to assure you that though I disapprove of this proceeding, and am much pained by it, nothing can weaken the Affection with which I am ever your's,

EVERARD VILLERS.

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FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq, to EVERARD VILLERS, Esq.

LETTER V.

Woodley Green.

I FLATTERED myself that I should have met you on your arrival at Villers Castle, but a fall from my Horse, by which I have received a slight Hurt, confining me to my Room, I send these few Lines to await you. There, there my dear Mr. Villers! in your last Letter is the Rock on which you will ever split, that excessive, that painful sensibility, ever ready
to

to take alarm, to torment yourself, and give Pain to all who love you. You constantly shut your Eyes to the Motives of Action, and only look on what can displease. Did ever any one pretend to say, that a King of England is treated like a Slave, because his Hands are tied up from Evil, and left at liberty to dispense Good, and would you, if your too great susceptibility did not get the better of your Candor, tax the tender Cares of a Father, anxiously watching over his Son, as ungenerous Deceit and unwarrantable Art? Once more, my dear Mr. Villers, let me caution you against this only Failing you are liable to, the judging of Actions without weighing the Motives, other-

wise you run the Risk of destroying your own Quiet, and perhaps the Happiness of those who are most dear to you. I hope to see you soon, and to find you in another way of thinking towards

F. WOODLEY.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

LETTER VI.

Villers Castle.

I FLATTERED myself on my Arrival here, two Days since, to have found you in Person, my dear Woodley, instead of a Letter, which—But,
if

if you please, we will say no more on the Subject; I shall certainly see you soon at Woodley-Green, and hope your Accident will have no bad Consequences, we may then settle those Points, and many others.

I do assure you it was not till I came in View of this beloved Mansion, that I could overcome the Melancholy which had taken Possession of me from the Moment I was obliged to tear myself from Cecilia; and I had suffered the more, as I was obliged to conceal my Feelings, the dear Girl herself seemed so affected—Perhaps she thought me indifferent; oh! Woodley, if she does, how little does she know my Heart. I arrived here late in the Even-

ing, I found only my Sister and Miss Ottley (for I presently learnt it was her) my Father being gone to Supper three Miles from Home. The Transport I felt on embracing Clara, and the Joy she expressed at seeing me, for a few Minutes drove even my beloved Cecilia from my Mind. We sat down to Supper, and Clara, with her usual Gaiety, overwhelmed me with a Torrent of Questions. In the Course of Conversation, I could not help complimenting Clara on the great Improvement of her Style, and telling her that her Letters were so elegantly tender, that I was perpetually obliged to recall to my Mind that they were the Production of a Sister to prevent my falling

ing

ing in Love with the fair Writer. On this, I saw Clara cast an arch Look on Miss Ottley, who looked down, and coloured exceedingly. What could they mean by it? But I shall not give myself the Trouble of Enquiry; for Women seldom know their own Meaning, except Cecilia, and she is Reason itself. By the Way, I think you were unjust to Miss Ottley, in representing her so very plain: she has one thing in her Favour, which, in my Opinion, goes beyond Beauty either in Man or Woman, she has very much the Look of a Person of Fashion; then she has a remarkable sensible Countenance—rather too sensible for a Woman; it takes from that feminine Appearance

which interests us by claiming our Protection. She spoke very little however, so that I cannot judge of her Understanding by her Conversation.

About Eleven o'Clock, my Father came home; such a Father! Woodley; the Instant I beheld his benign Countenance, I forgot my just Causes of Complaint, and felt only the Pleasure of seeing him again.—Sure he will not refuse to make me happy! Ever since I have been taken up by Visits that have poured in upon us from Twenty Miles round, but I shall escape from them all, to assure you in Person how affectionately I am yours,

EVERARD VILLERS.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

WELL, my dear Lady Anne,
he is at Length arrived ; this
long expected Everard Villers ! Oh !
that I could but give you an Idea of
him when he first appeared before us ;
imagine to yourself a Form that has
nothing earthly ! A Figure so light, so
elegant, so graceful ! accompanied at
the same Time with such commanding
Dignity ! Then such a Countenance,
such Eyes !

“ The little Halcyon’s azure Plume

“ Was never half so blue—

Add

Add to this (what you know is a peculiar Charm to me) a Voice so sweet, and so interesting, that every Sound goes to the Heart; the Joy his Arrival has occasioned here, is beyond all Conception, he is adored by all Degrees of People; I need not add that his Father and his Sister have no Eyes but for him. I know not how it is, but I have no Time to write, yet I was determined to snatch one Moment to inform my dearest Friend of an Event that engrosses us all at Villers Castle. Excuse my breaking off thus abruptly, and believe me ever your Ladyship's most affectionate,

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Lady ANNE ALTON to Miss OTTLEY.

ALAS! Alas! poor Harriet, how far gone are you, without knowing any Thing of the Matter; what a Letter have you written! Pray, my Dear, did you read it? and if you did, did you not shudder at your own Danger? That you should partake in every Event that can give Pleasure to a Family you are so infinitely obliged to, nothing so natural; that you should partake of the Joy occasioned by the Arrival of the Heir of that Family, nothing more just; that you should also
bestow

bestow the due Praises on so fine a young Man as Mr. Villers is universally allowed to be, none can blame you; but to call in Rapture, Rhapsody and Verse to describe him, I again repeat, alas! alas! poor Harriet. As yet, the Impression cannot have taken so deep a Root, but that Time and Absence may destroy it. I therefore do advise and exhort you to take Advantage of the gay Uproar this new Inmate occasions at Villers Castle, and hasten away to your ever faithful Friend,

ANNE ALTON.

LET-

LETTER IX.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

BUT that I know the Warmth of your Friendship, and the Goodness of your Heart, what a Right should I have to complain of the cruel Interpretation, and the cutting Railery of your Letter, my dear Lady Anne.

The Impression you talk of is, I assure you, only confirmed by his Presence, for it was conceived long ago; scarce a Day has past since I have been an Inhabitant of Villers Castle, but I have heard some Instance of his Goodness,

ness, not only from Sir Arthur and Miss Villers, but even in the Cottages of the lower Tenants, where I have been sometimes led to offer such Relief as my scanty Means allow; the Name of Everard Villers is never pronounced without Blessings. His Picture, which met my Eyes in almost every Room, has told me that it was Virtue in her loveliest Form; and his Letters, which his Sister never failed to communicate to me, confirmed me in the Opinion of his superior Understanding and Improvement.

I will even confess to you, that for these five Months past, Miss Villers, who hates writing, constantly made me
write

write to him, and copied my Letters. The Pleasure I received from this Correspondence, and from the Praises he never failed to bestow on the Style of the Letters, was certainly the greatest I have ever known ; though I assure you, my dear Lady Anne, it was not without Difficulty I was prevailed on to enter into this Commerce of Letters ; then judge more kindly of your Friend, and attribute not to a different Sentiment what is only the Love and Admiration of Virtue, divested of every other Idea. I am highly sensible of your kind Invitation, but fear it will not as yet be in my Power to accept it, but when it is, I shall not lose a Moment to return to the Friend of my early Youth,

Youth, so justly dear to her obliged and affectionate,

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LETTER X.

Lady ANNE ALTON to Miss OTTLEY.

I CRY you Mercy, dear Harriet, I own I did not at first see your Motive, and I am now *perfectly* convinced I was wrong, and, indeed, that I am myself 'a very wicked Creature; for I always thought the Love of Virtue had been a calmer Sentiment; for who would have thought that the Blueness of his Eyes had any Thing to do with the Qualities of his Mind, or that the
Elegance

Elegance and Dignity of his Form implied every moral Endowment? For Shakespeare says,

*“ Ah ! what may he within him hide,
“ Tho’ Angel on the outer Side !”*

As to myself, I have two very worthy Friends, Mr. Smith, and my Brother-in-law, William Alton, to whom I have a Thousand Obligations, and who have each of them a Thousand Virtues, yet to this Hour it has never come into my Head to examine whether their Eyes are Grey, Green, or Brown.

But to speak seriously on a very serious Subject, I will believe, my dear

H Harriet,

Harriet, that what you say is true, and that your Heart is safe ; but let me caution you to watch over its every Emotion ; and if you find the Danger pressing, secure your Safety by Flight ; believe me, there is no other Way, should you unfortunately permit your Affections to be engaged, it will be then too late, and the Circumstances considered, it must be certain Misery. I cannot help extremely condemning Miss Villers's Imprudence in the Step you advert to, nor ought you to have consented to it, but I have often told you (and I wish you may never have Reason to say I was right in my Judgment) that so much Weakness never was coupled with so much Understanding. Above all,

all, I recommend to you to conceal nothing from me; you cannot find a sincerer or more sympathizing Friend than

ANNE ALTON.

LETTER XI.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

A THOUSAND, Thousand Thanks to you, my dear Lady Anne, for your last Letter, so kind, so sensible, and so affectionate in its Conclusion.

I think I am now able to give a clear Account of my own Sensations, and to assure you with Truth, that I feel

no more than Friendship for Mr. Villers. Can I refuse the Return of a Sentiment I seem happy enough to have inspired him with? On his first Arrival, we had very little Conversation together; for he is extremely reserved, and does not communicate his Sentiments very freely. I observed also that he was frequently thoughtful and pensive, and Miss Villers's extreme Liveliness did not seem perfectly to suit with his Turn of Mind.

By this Means he has been led to seek my Society, whom early Misfortune has rendered more serious; we walk whole Hours in the Park, and whilst I listen to him, I forget the Flight of Time,

Time, yet I repeat it to you, my dear Lady Anne, you have nothing to apprehend. I feel happy in his Presence, I seem to have nothing more to wish; but I am easy in his Absence, whilst I think of him and recollect with Pleasure our Conversations. By the Idea I have of Love, this does not at all resemble it. He is now absent at Mr. Woodley's; he went for three Days only, but Six are elapsed, and he is not yet returned. —You see, my dear Lady Anne, I follow your Instructions literally, and conceal nothing from you, which will, I hope, set you at your Ease about your's,

H. OTTLEY.

LETTER XII.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

THE Lowness of Spirits you reproached me with, dear Woodley, encreases on me every Hour since my Return. I shall not be able long to support the Burden of my Secret; I must speak to my Father, and know the Worst. My very next Letter from Marseilles will determine me. In this House (how different from former Times) I am not at Ease; for though no Brother can love a Sister better than I love Clara, our Tempers differ too much

much to be in the Confidence of each other. I thought I had met with a sensible Friend in Miss Ottley;—but I know not, my Sister has told me something, that has greatly let her down in my Opinion.—You remember I mentioned to you the amazing Improvement in the Style of her Letters.—Well, she has just discovered to me that they were written by Miss Ottley;—she thought she was raising her Friend in my Esteem, and it has had quite the contrary Effect.

What kind of Heart must her's be, that can thus at Command pour forth such an Effusion of Tenderness and Sentiment, to a man she

had never seen, that perhaps she might never see, and consequently who must be totally indifferent to her. You will say she was writing in the Character of my Sister.—She has then no Sentiments of her own; all her Sentiments flow from the Head, the Heart has no Share in them. But what does it signify, I wish no Connexion, no Intercourse of any Kind, but with Cecilia, she is all Truth, Sincerity and Tendernefs; yet I wish I could contrive to guess at my Father's Sentiments, before I speak to him; should he refuse, should he refuse—what will become of me?—
Adieu, my dear Woodley,

EVERARD VILLERS.

LET.

L E T T E R X I I I .

FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq. to EVERARD VILLERS, Esq.

A G A I N, my dear Villers, your false Delicacy is giving Pain to yourself, and rendering you unjust to another. Miss Ottley is by no Means the Woman you describe; there cannot be a more feeling Mind, or a more sincere Heart than her's; but she has a very animated Imagination, and great Energy in her Expressions, and I dare say she wrote as she would have felt in the Place of Miss Villers.

I think

I think you are right in your Plan if you can get any Insight into Sir Arthur's Way of Thinking; I wish it may be favourable to you, but I own I have my Doubts; let me know how you go on, and depend on the constant Affection of your ever obliged,

FRANCIS WOODLEY.

LETTER XIV.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

A-H! my dear Lady Anne, how altered is my Situation, and how unhappy your Friend! What can I have done, how forfeited what constituted

stituted the only Pleasure of my Life, the Esteem of Villers? His Behaviour, since his Return from Woodley Green, is totally changed towards me; yet I cannot attribute it to the Influence of his worthy Tutor, who has ever honoured me with a peculiar Degree of Regard; nor indeed did I remark this Change till the second Day. At first, I thought it was Indisposition, but since then, he has been so civilly distant, so coldly polite, avoiding me as much as he used to seek me, that I can no longer doubt. I was so distressed by this Conduct, that I mentioned it to Miss Villers; but she told me, that if I had done any Thing to displease him, I must endeavour to recollect it myself;

myself; for, said she, such is my Brother's Temper, that when any Thing offends him, which his too nice Sensibility renders very easy, he never tells it, but keeps it in his own Mind, not so much resenting as grieving; and when we were Children, I used to be obliged to find the Cause, and make all the Advances to the Reconciliation; she told me, indeed, that once reconciled, he thinks no more of it, but it is difficult to effect before it comes to that. Judge then what I must feel, who placed all my Pride in his Esteem. My dear Lady Anne, pity your afflicted

HARRIET OTTLEY.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Lady ANNE ALTON to Miss OTTLEY.

AND will nothing open your Eyes to your own Danger, my dear Harriet? and are you not convinced that you are, beyond Redemption, in Love with Everard Villers?

For Heaven's Sake, consider what you are preparing for yourself; I well know that were Merit to be the only Point considered, no Woman could stand a better Chance than yourself. But you have much, very much against you.

you. Mr. Villers, from his personal Endowments, his Family, and his vast Fortune, is certainly one of the first Matches in the Kingdom; and, alas! my Friend, what Pretensions have you? I would not say an unkind or indelicate thing to you, but should Mr. Villers adopt your own maxims, and lay as great a stress on personal Attractions as yourself, you can have no Hopes. In a word, dear Harriet, you have not Beauty enough for the Son, nor Fortune enough for the Father. Then to what End indulge a hopeless Passion? I wish from my Soul that Villers were married, which doubtless cannot fail to happen soon, and that would restore you to yourself; for I find all my Reasoning

Reasoning thrown away, when employed on this subject.

However, at all times, and under every Circumstance, you are sure of the Affection and Consolation of

Your Friend,

ANNE ALTON.

LETTER XVI.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

I THANK you my dear Lady Anne for the kind Concern you take in what relates to me, but all is settled, all is decided.

I will

I will enter into the fullest detail. Soon after my last, as Miss Villers and I were walking with Everard, she began to rally him on his Gravity, telling him he was in love, but he repelled her attack with great Peevishness and Marks of Impatience. I could not help feeling for him, and I took his part with such Warmth, that she who is Good-nature itself, immediately stopt short, and telling us she was not equal to two such Antagonists, she flew from us, laughing, and gained the House. I would have called her back, but Mr. Villers prevented me, and with a look of Tenderness I had never seen from him before, he said, taking my hand,

“ what

what Sensibility ! He then offered me his Arm, which he had seldom done before, and we continued our Walk for some Time. From that Evening, his Behaviour was so^rmarked, his Manner so tender and affectionate, that I began (against the Evidence of my Reason) to think I had made an Impression on his Heart ; yet I do assure you, without knowing that my own was farther engaged than what I told you. A few Evenings ago, as we were together, standing at the Window, he looked so dejected, he sighed so often, that I could not help asking him with evident Concern, what was the Matter. Ah ! said he, My dear Miss Ottley, you who have such penetrating Eyes,

I

can

can you not perceive what passes here? laying his Hand to his Heart; Sir Arthur and Miss Villers coming up to us at that Moment, he only pressed my Hand, and said, we will talk of this bye and bye.

As soon as Supper was over, he proposed to us all to go down into the Garden; he had sent two Servants whom he had brought from France, and who play remarkably well on the French Horn, to the other Side of the Canal, and we seated ourselves under a large Tree. The Evening was uncommonly fine, the Moon shone on the Water, not a Breeze moved the Leaves, and nothing interrupted the Stillness of all around

around us, but the French Horns, whose Sounds were softened by the Distance. Sir Arthur had fallen into Discourse with his Daughter, and whilst we listened to the Music, Villers held my Hand, and frequently sighed. I again asked him what was the Matter? he asked me if I could not guess? I do, (said I) you are thinking of the Object of your Love.—Yes, said he, 'tis true, pressing my Hand as he spoke. I will open my Heart to you, said he; but this is no proper Place. Say that you wish to shew me the Picture you were finishing this Morning, and let us go into the House together. I assented, and we accordingly adjourned to the Room where I usually paint,

leaving the Baronet and Miss Villers to follow us.

I own to you my Knees bent under me as I walked, for certain as I thought myself of what he was going to say, I could not help reflecting that I ought not to have been so hasty in following him. When he had seated himself near me, he said, my dear Miss Ottley, from the first Time I saw you, I felt that Sympathy towards you that arises from an Analogy of Character, that Opinion has since been confirmed ; I am sure you have great Sensibility, you have guessed my Secret, and you can be of the greatest Use to me.—He then discovered to me his Attachment for a Lady
in

in France, and added, that doubtful as he was of his Father's Consent, and fearful of his not obtaining it, I was the only Person who could sound Sir Arthur on the Subject, and perhaps win him to Consent.

The first Words of this Discourse (so different I must confess from what his Manner had given me Reason to expect) were exactly as if a Pistol had been let off at my Ear, yet I had Command enough over myself to conceal my Sensations, and indeed they were suspended by concern for him. I promised him (and I mean to keep that Promise) that all the little Influence I had with Sir Arthur, should be em-

ployed in his Favour, and that Promise drew from him the most tender Vows of everlasting Friendship. This Conversation had led us till it was late; I pressed him to retire, which he did, after renewing his Assurances of Friendship, and I withdrew into my own Room, where I threw myself into a Chair, and in that State I remained near two Hours before I could recall my scattered Ideas. However strange it may seem, I do assure you Lady Anne, it was only at the very Instant he discovered to me his Love to another, that I discovered to myself my Love for him. Yes I do love him, and ever will. Am I not overpaid when he calls me by the endearing Name of Friend?

Friend? The Friend of Villers! Kings of the Earth have you any Title to bestow of equal Value? I am now more calm, and more at Ease, Doubt is no more; I know *his* Heart, and I know my own. I weigh the Distance between us, and I think, I really think, that were I Mistress to decide, I would not wish that Villers should be mine, deserving as he is of a Lot so superior. I flatter myself you will now be convinced you have nothing to fear for me, since I know the Worst, and am content. I shall be completely so, if you permit me still to subscribe myself your ever affectionate Friend,

HARRIET OTTLEY.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Lady ANNE ALTON to Miss OTTLEY.

I SEE, my dear, that all the Efforts of Friendship and Reason are ineffectual to snatch you from the certain Danger. You enjoy the treacherous Calm, which will soon change to poignant Sorrow. For all in your Mind is Extremes. You know no Moderation in any Sentiment; you are the Child of Sensation; you yield to it without a Struggle, and pursue Misery as others do Happiness; what then can be done for you, since you will do nothing for yourself

yourself? I can only repeat that you have, and ever shall, a tender Friend in

ANNE ALTON.

LETTER XVIII.

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

EVERY Thing remains in the same State; Villers is still kind, affectionate and friendly. He has desired me to say nothing to his Father till he himself shall tell me it is Time. It seems to depend on his next Letter from the Lady; though he says she herself is ignorant of his Sentiments, and that their Correspondence is only that of two Friends. We have had but
little

little Opportunity of conversing these three Days past, from the Arrival of two Visitors, Lord Summers and his Brother; the former of whom is soon to be married to Miss Villers. After the Nuptials she is to pass the Autumn with her Father, whilst my Lord goes to Ireland, and at his Return they will go to London. They are both sensible, agreeable young Men, and, as I hear, of excellent Characters. How happy is Clara, who accepts from her Father's Hand a Husband of his Choice; she is pleased and content, and experiences none of those Tortures which attend the Passion of Love, when felt in its highest Degree; perhaps also she will not know its Pleasures. The young
Lord

Lord is extremely attached to her, and follows her like her Shadow, by which Means Harry Summers, being a little *desœuvré*, attaches himself much to me. I wish he did not, for I find Mr. Villers does not like him, though I know not for what Reason; but it has quite disconcerted him several Times to see him so particular to me. I can easily guess the Cause of this; it takes from him the Opportunity of conversing with me on his favourite Topic, his beloved Cecilia, for that is the Name of the happiest of Women; but since he disapproves it, it is sufficient to render Mr. Summers odious to me. Adieu, my dear Lady Anne.

H. OTTLEY.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

The SAME to the SAME.

AH! my dear Lady Anne, what an Event—Villers is gone to London, and no One knows whither, nor on what Occasion. For the first Time in my Life, I have seen Sir Arthur really angry with his Son. He had dined with us much in the same Temper of Mind as usual on Tuesday, in the Evening he excused himself from Supper, on Account of a violent Headache; and, next Morning at Breakfast, one of his Servants delivered a Letter to Sir Arthur, wherein he told his Father an Affair of the utmost Consequence

quence had called him to London, but without saying more, or marking when he should return. The worthy Baronet alarmed at this unaccountable Behaviour, immediately sent an Express to his House in Portman Square, and also, to Mr. Philmore's (Mr. Woodley's Father-in-Law) but he has as yet been seen in neither of those Places. You may judge of the Anxiety of the Family; but mine, Lady Anne, mine you can form no Idea of.

They were the more uneasy, as Mr. Summers had left us the Day before, and they had a slight Altercation, but we have heard that Gentleman is gone upon a Visit cross the Country, so that
Appre-

Apprehension is over. Mr. Woodley was immediately sent for, but he was absent from Home; perhaps, when he comes, he may be able to explain this distracting Mystery. I have scarce Power to subscribe myself your Ladyship's ever affectionate,

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LETTER XX.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

READ the enclosed, and judge the State of my Mind—When you receive this I shall be in London, whither I entreat your officious Friendship

not

not to pursue me, for I am unfit for all Society. When you have perused it, put it under Cover, and direct it for Capt. Williams, to be left at the Bar of George's Coffee House till called for. Adieu

EVERARD VILLERS.

LETTER XXI.

From Miss MILD MAY, and direct
TO EVERARD VILLERS.

WILL you ever persist in teasing me with your Jealousy, and repeating to me it is impossible I should long resist the handsomest Man of a Nation where all are handsome?

How

How often am I to tell you, that his Person, as fine as it is, has no Attractions for me: no, no, Mac'Leod! a Man who is fonder of his own Beauty than of mine has no Chance with Cecilia Mildmay, I assure you, and what else could be the Reason that in all his Visits he never once said a civil Thing to me on those Charms which have made such Havoc both here, and at Paris; then, as to his Accomplishments, his Virtues, they only tired me, I assure you; for, when he had been talking elegant Nonsense to a whole Circle of Women, all striving with each other who should be honoured with a Glance, he used to come and talk *Reason* to me, Reason to a sprightly Provencale

vençale of nineteen with Irish Blood in her Veins ! then what his Conversation ? tedious Accounts of the Virtues of his Father, and of one Woodley, his Tutor, who was, I suppose, as starched and as pedantic as his Pupil. Then the Affectation, or the Pride, or, I know not what, of not confessing himself in Love with me ; but he had to do with one a little too experienced to be deceived by his affected Silence. I knew he was my Slave beyond his own Power to break his Chain ; and that Chain I took Care to rivet by affecting to be so passionately in Love with him, that I could not help betraying myself. How he pitied the innocent Heart that sighed for him in Se-

K

cret !

cret! how he kindly determined I should not die for him! (for I know he means to marry me) and certainly, if I can bring him to that, with all my Love for you, my dear Mac'Leod, I shall not refuse a Title, Nine Thousand a Year, four of which his Father gives him when he marries, and a Man, that I shall rejoice to take from all the Fools that are sighing for him, though I don't care a Farthing for him myself. Besides, what need you care? Shall I not make it a Condition of my Marriage to return to France, to dear Paris, under Pretence of seeing my Family; and can you not come to England? I shall have ample Means of furnishing both your Wants and Pleasures; and you may

may be sure the All-conquering Everard Villers will never dream that he can share the Fate of all the fashionable Husbands, both in my Country and his own. As to the Consequences of our Connexion, why be uneasy about that? I shall certainly make a proper Provision for him; and it is only by this Marriage that I can hope to do it; therefore set your Heart at rest; Mrs. Villers, or Lady Villers (for I hope some Excess of English Hospitality, or some fortunate Fox Chase, will soon put the Father out of the Way) will not be less attached to her dear Mac 'Leod, than his affectionate and faithful

CECILIA MILDMAK.

The Reader will easily guess, that by a cross Direction, the Letter intended for Mr. Villers, was addressed to Capt. Mac 'Leod, and that for Capt. Mac 'Leod to Mr. Villers.

LETTER XXII.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to Miss
MILDMAY.

MADAM,

THE only Use I shall make of the Inclosed, is to return it to you, with a Caution to be more careful for the Future; and as a useful Lesson to me in Future, how I trust to any one of your Sex. Persons who have Secrets of so important a Nature, should be extremely careful
how

how they hazard them ; I wish you may never meet with any one more indiscreet than, Madam,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

EVERARD VILLERS.

LETTER XXIII.

FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq. to EVERARD VILLERS, Esq.

AT Length, after a three Week's Search, I have discovered your Retreat, my dear Mr. Villers, but respecting your Situation, I have with Difficulty kept myself from hastening to you. Give me one Line, I entreat you ; permit me to go to you ; why, my be-

K 3

loved

loved Pupil (permit me still to recall that Title) why will you banish yourself from Society, because a worthless Woman has imposed on your generous Nature, by Appearances which nothing but a Habit of Perfidy could have made you suspect? I again repeat, favour me with one Line,

Your faithful Friend
and ever obliged Servant,
FRANCIS WOODLEY.

Directed to Everard Villers, Esq.
at Mr. Freeman's, Piccadilly, next
Door to the Green Park Coffee-
house.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

HOW you have discovered my Retreat, I know not, for I have never stirred out of my Room but to Hyde Park, from Six in the Morning to Nine, and from Eight in the Evening to Ten; for I would wish to shun every human Eye.

I beg you will not think of coming to me, at the same Time it is, I own, a Pleasure to me to hear from you. But is it possible? Woodley, am I

K 4

really

really what she has described? Am I that Compound of Conceit and Vanity? and have you, *you*, entrusted with the Care of my Mind, permitted those Faults to grow upon me, and render me ridiculous even in the Eyes of a Woman? Cecilia! that Name that used to make my Heart leap with Delight; those Characters which I never looked on but every Pulse throbbed with redoubled Quickness, now create Horror in me.—Good God! could such an angelic Form, such heavenly Sweetness, mark a Mind so abandoned, so artful, and so depraved?—But it is the Fault of the Sex, not her in particular. I have once been duped, but never, never shall any Woman again approach
this

this Heart so deeply wounded, so cruelly betrayed.

I am uneasy about my Father, but I cannot return home; Heaven only knows when I shall. But I require of you, Woodley, by all the Ties of our Friendship, by all that can bind a Man of Honour, that you will promise never to reveal to him this fatal Secret. My Consciouſness of it has made me hateful to myself; but his Knowledge of it would be mortal to me.—Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq. to EVERARD VILLERS, Esq.

IT was not in my Power to be a Witness of Sir Arthur's Grief and Anxiety, and keep from him the Place of your Retreat; but I give you my Word of Honour, he is ignorant of what has occasioned it. You know his Delicacy; I made no Scruple to tell him that I was informed of it, and that I had promised Secresy, assuring him at the same Time, that it was not of a Nature to reflect the least Dishonour on you, or to affect any Other than yourself.

yourself. He remained satisfied with this Answer.

But why, dear Mr. Villers, thus abandon yourself to Grief? Why thus humbled in your own Eyes? I am (and you ought to know it) incapable of flattering your Foibles; but be assured that those who tax you with Vanity, are only those who feel in themselves that they should be vain were they possessed of your Qualifications. Then be of Comfort, and return to your Friends, amongst whom, permit me to name

Your devoted

FRANCIS WOODLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

SIR ARTHUR VILLERS TO EVERARD
VILLERS, Esq.

EVERARD,

I NEITHER ask nor desire to know the Cause of your abrupt Departure from Villers Castle. If your Grievs are of a Nature that could cause you to fly from the Bosom of your Father and your Sister for Consolation, they are best not scrutinized. I have never yet found myself under the Necessity of using any other Arguments with you than those of Tenderness and Affection; but as I have too much Reason to think they have lost somewhat

somewhat of their Influence, I must summon you on your Duty, to return immediately to Villers Castle, to be present at your Sister's Nuptials. It would be too great an Affront to the noble Family which is going to be allied to ours, were my Son to be absent on such an Occasion. However I may feel the Unkindness of your Behaviour in this your first Offence, you know me too well to doubt of the Reception you will meet with from

Your affectionate

Friend and Father,

ARTHUR VILLERS.

L E T.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

THE Feasts and Rejoicings on the Marriage of Lady Summers have kept us all so employed, that it has not been in my Power to steal a Moment to unbosom myself to my beloved Friend. He is come back; but, ah! Lady Anne, what an Alteration, what a Dejection in that lovely Countenance, what a deep Melancholy has taken Possession of him! I am as yet ignorant of the Cause of all that has happened; but, I imagine it is something relating to the French Lady. The first days he was here, he scarce spoke

spoke to me, but took every Opportunity of retiring with Mr. Woodley; but, since his Return to the Green, he has sought me, attracted, I imagine, by the Concern I betrayed, but dared not express. The whole Summers Family have been here; the Sister, Miss Summers, one of the finest Women I ever saw.

You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that Mr. Summers has made me an Offer in Form; nor, will your Ladyship be much pleased when I tell you that I refused him *tout net*.

I am

I am obliged to break off, Mr. Villers has just summoned me to walk with him.

Dear Lady Anne, ever your own,

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lady ANNE ALTON to Miss OTTLEY.

I REALLY begin now to be alarmed for your Reason, my dear Harriet; for, had you been in your Senses, could you have refused such a Match as you mention? I know Harry Summers, and I know there are very few young Men superior to him. Do you consider you are near four and twenty, that you have a very very small Fortune, and that few such Matches
present

present themselves? Besides, my Dear, what can you propose to yourself? You will soon be separated from your Idol; for, when once Lady Summers quits Villers Castle you can no longer remain there (Mr. Villers out of the Question) with Sir Arthur, whose Age and Person are very far from being such as would secure you from Censure. I flatter myself you only meant to sound me, and that you have not yet given an absolute Refusal; if so, for Heaven's Sake give up Chimera, and secure to yourself a Protector and Independence whilst you can.

Most affectionately Yours,

ANNE ALTON.

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LETTER XXIX.

EVERARD VILLERS, Esq. to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

WOODLEY,

TH E R E is an epidemic Madness for Matrimony in our Family; I have had the first serious Altercation with my Father, and I wish it may be the last.

He has proposed Miss Summers to me, a very fine Woman certainly, and an immense Fortune; but I will not marry—I told him so, and why should he not indulge me in the Pursuit of this my Inclination? Scarcely two
Months

Months past since that cruel Stroke!
the Wound but just beginning to heal!
—Besides, there is not a Woman of
them but is a Coquette; even Miss Ott-
ley, whose Company I liked, because
I thought her good natured, and un-
pretending, and, indeed, whom I had
some Reason to think had a Regard for
me—but I suppose I have again been
the Dupe of my Vanity—Miss Ottley,
I say, is Coquette and not sincere. I
have had a very convincing Proof of it:
that conceited Fellow, Harry Summers,
whom I detest, made her an Offer of
Marriage, and she refused him; but,
I dare say it was only a Feint to make
him redouble his Pursuit. That she
can be so double! You are to know

that last Week Lady Palmer came here, bringing with her her youngest Boy, a Child of four Years old, but beautiful as a Cherub. Yesterday, in the Afternoon, Lady Summers asked me if Miss Ottley had shewn me her Master Piece (you know to what a Degree of Perfection she paints!) on my answering in the negative, and asking what she meant, she told me that Miss Ottley had taken the most striking Likeness of the little William Palmer, from Memory, that was ever seen, and instantly desired her to shew it me. Miss Ottley immediately drew her Pocket Book out to comply with her Request, but in searching for the Picture, another Miniature slipped out of the

the

the Pocket Book, and fell to the Ground. I flew to pick it up, but she was quicker than me, and put it in her Pocket with such Precipitation, that I could only just see it was the Picture of a Man. I entreated her to show it me, but she positively refused, and offered me the Child's Picture, which I refused, still insisting on seeing the other. I was at length so piqued at her obstinate Denial, that I could not help saying with an Air of Contempt, I suppose it is the charming Resemblance of Mr. Summers. Yes, said she, Mr. Villers, it is certainly very reasonable to suppose that the Person who has refused the Original, should be *jealous* of having the Copy—This was a fresh

Artifice, I suppose—But, I wish I had seen the Picture, I could only get a Glimpse of the Drapery, which seemed to me to be like a Frock I brought my Father, *Coleur d'acier*, the Fellow to that I wore on my first Arrival, the Colour of which I have heard her often admire. I have not spoken to her since, I hate Duplicity—Adieu, I think you will see me in a Day or two at the Green.

EVERARD VILLERS.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

Sir ARTHUR VILLERS to F. WOOD-
LEY, Esq;

I NEVER thought, dear Wood-
ley, that I should have Reason to
be convinced that there is no such
Thing as hoping for perfect Satisfac-
tion from one's Children. Everard
gives me great Uneasiness—I have pro-
posed to him a Match every Way un-
exceptionable, but he not only refused
to hear of it, but entreated me never
to enter on the Subject again, as his
Resolution was irrevocably fixed never
to enter into that State. I alledged
the Beauty, Fortune, and Merit of
Miss Summers; but all in vain, he an-

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swered

swered me in a Manner that left me no Hope. To what am I to attribute this Obstinacy? You, Woodley, who certainly are in his Confidence, must undoubtedly know if any secret Inclination prevents his complying with my Wishes. I am convinced my Son is not capable of making a mean or improper Choice; and if Birth or Fortune only are wanting, his Family is sufficiently ancient, and his Fortune sufficiently ample to supply those Deficiencies, and raise to himself the Woman whom he marries. Woodley, you know I have no Prejudices; on the Happiness of my Children I have placed my own, one has already compleated my utmost Wishes in giving herself where I had directed

directed her Choice; and now to meet with Opposition from this Pride, this Darling: "*where I had garnered up my Heart,*" I own to you, I know not how to support it; assist me then, dear Woodley, with your Councils, and be assured my Consent shall await the Choice of Eyerard,

Your faithful Friend,

ARTHUR VILLERS.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. WOODLEY to Sir ARTHUR VILLERS.

IT is with more Concern than Surprise, my dear Sir, that I learn the Account of Mr. Villers's Opposition to your Will. But you must give me
 Leave,

Leave, with the Frankness you have ever permitted me to employ, to tell you it is in a great Measure what you might expect. You say that Lady Summers at once complied with your Wishes, but do you reflect on the Difference? You were to Miss Villers the tenderest of Fathers; but, still you was a Father. To Mr. Villers you have been a Subject to an absolute Monarch. He never indeed opposed your Will, because, till now, you never had any Will but his. Thus, though with the best Heart, and the best Head that ever Man possessed, Mr. Villers looks upon it as an Infringement of his natural Privileges when he meets with the least Opposition even
from

from you, whom he has learned to love, but never found it necessary to obey. And so much has this Disposition of *his* taken Root, that, I am sorry to say, I fear you neither seek his Happiness, or that of the Person you destine him to, when you wish him to marry. I am certain that his Affections are not engaged, at least, if they are, he does not know it himself; and, I greatly fear, as I said, that you would indanger his Happiness, were you to press the Point. If you marry him to a Woman whose Rank and Fortune, and whose personal Merit give her a Right to pretend to him, ~~she~~ will naturally think herself entitled to some Attentions from him,
some

some Sacrifices, which I doubt if he will ever submit to. The only proper Wife for him is a Woman so passionately attached to him, that she can forget herself to study him alone, and who, at the same Time that she sees his Follies; will have good Sense enough to know that they are overbalanced by his Virtues, and who knowing the Task she imposes on herself, has courage enough to pay the Purchase, and to think herself rewarded by possessing a Heart so valuable as that of Mr. Villers; which is not impossible, if she has the Kind of Conduct I have mentioned. This can only be a Woman who is thoroughly acquainted with his Character,

Character, which in the usual Method of Courtship cannot be.

In short, my dear Sir, though I run the Hazard of betraying a Secret I have not been entrusted with, I must tell you I know but one Woman in the World capable of making Mr. Villers happy, and that in his own Way. You will doubtless be very much surprized when I name to you Miss Ottley. But what will surprize you yet more is, that were Miss Ottley to be proposed to him, she would be equally rejected with the rest. I still abide by my Opinion, that could you bring yourself to consent to such a Match, she is the Woman to make him happy. Miss Ottley is not
handsome;

handsome ; she has nothing to recommend her but an excellent Heart, which makes Friends not Lovers ; and an excellent Understanding, which oftener makes Enemies than Friends, when possessed by a Woman. But I had an Opportunity of observing the Behaviour of one and the other when I was last at Villers Castle. Miss Ottley loves Mr. Villers to almost a Degree of Adoration ; her lively Imagination giving Strength to those Sentiments she took but little Pains to hide, for when Mr. Villers is present, she absolutely sees nothing but him.

She has by this Means gained a Kind of Ascendant over him, which he himself

self is not conscious of; but her Conversation is grown necessary to him; he seeks it involuntarily, and he feels an Impatience at seeing another share with him in that Pleasure. Judge then, what it would be, were it her Duty, as it is now her Inclination, to bestow her every Thought on rendering him happy.

But I am talking of what you certainly never will consent to, my dear Sir, and if you did, how bring it about? since the very Proposal would destroy the purposed End.

I have, I think, given you all the Insights I am capable of, into this
strange

strange unaccountable, but really very amiable Character; since *that* he is, notwithstanding some Failings. If in any Manner I can be farther useful to yourself, or to my ever loved Pupil, you know how freely you may command, dear Sir,

Your ever devoted,

And ever affectionate,

F. WOODLEY.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir ARTHUR VILLERS to FRANCIS
WOODLEY, Esq.

YOUR Letter gave me great Pleasure, dear Woodley, though you fairly tell me that I have spoiled my Son, but that being a Fact too obvious to be contested,

contested, it is the wisest way to let it rest there.

I am rejoiced at what you tell me ; I love Harriet Ottley, I ever thought her a charming Woman ; and if she loves my Son as you say, she is deserving of him every Way. I think I do now recollect several little Circumstances that struck me at the Time, but which made no lasting Impression on me, relative to her Partiality for him. You say I must not propose it ; well, then, the Plan is laid in my own Head, and I must try to cheat Mr. Villers into Happiness. I shall not impart to you my Plan till I acquaint you with its Success. I wonder how I shall set about

M deceiving ;

deceiving; I who never tried it in my Life. If the Success answers my Wishes, I shall have more Thanks to tender Woodley, for having again contributed to the Happiness of his affectionate

ARTHUR VILLERS.

LETTER XXXIII.

The SAME to the SAME.

IO Triumphe! Dear Woodley, the Day is our own, though not quite as I could wish;—but I will give you the Particulars as far as I am concerned; I shall leave to Miss Ottley to finish the rest.

Before

Before I entered upon my Manoeuvres, I thought it proper to consult Lady Summers, as she might be able to give me some Lights into the Disposition of her Friend, in which it was possible we might be mistaken. My Daughter confirmed all you had said, and shewed the greatest Joy on hearing I had fixed on Miss Ottley as a Wife for Villers; though she said (as you had before done) that she was very sure her Brother would never be brought to own an Inclination which he seemed to deny to himself.

This was all I wanted to be informed of, but as it was necessary to have Miss Ottley act in concert with me, I thought

it proper to begin with her first; accordingly I sent to desire the Favour of her Company in my Study; but as this often happened, she expressed no Surprize at the Summons.

When she was seated, I addressed her in these Terms: I am sorry, my dear Harriet, that my Daughter's Marriage must soon deprive me of my two amiable Companions, as my House is no longer a proper Asylum for a Lady of your Age; but, my dear, when I received you under this Roof, I contracted an Engagement with myself to render you happy, and that Engagement I will most punctually fulfill. You have lately refused a very good Match,

Match, and I did not enquire into your Reasons, persuaded that your great good Sense would always lead you right. But I own I attributed that Refusal to your Attachment to another. Therefore I entreat you, dear Harriet, to be candid with me; name but the Man to me, and be he who he will (my own Son excepted) I will render your Fortune equal to his Demands or your Wishes. Then, Sir, said she, accept my most grateful Thanks for all your Goodness, but the Man exists not whom I would make my Husband. *Then*, said I, repeating her Words, and affecting Surprize, What am I to understand from the Word *Then*, when I excepted my Son? I saw the Tears

start into her Eyes, and her Face was covered with Blushes.—Dear Sir, is it possible, is this you? —Come, come, said I, taking her Hand, let me see one Woman who is superior enough to the little Meaneffes of her Sex, to confess, without Hesitation, an Inclination, which so far from being blameable, is praise-worthy, when the Object is deserving.

Well then, Sir, said she, raising her Eyes on me with an Air of Dignity, I do acknowledge that I feel for your Son those Sentiments which he is formed to create, but I must be as devoid of Reason as of Gratitude if I should form a Wish so contrary to his Interest,

Interest, as to see him bestow himself on one, so every Way his Inferior. You have my Secret, Sir, make what Ute you please of it, for my Heart has never yet conceived a Sentiment which I need blush to utter.

She was rising to leave the Room, but I stop'd her; one Moment, Miss Otley; and so you think a few adventitious Circumstances of Fortune, a few external Advantages on his Side, make so great a Difference between you that you can never aspire to Everard? Fortune is undoubtedly requisite, but when there is on one Side a Sufficiency for the Support of that Rank to which we are born, the Hour the Knot is tied,

both Parties ought to forget from which Side that Advantage arose. And, as to personal Attractions, the Charms of Beauty soon grow familiar and pall to the Eye if not supported by other Qualities; and, the plainest Face, enlightened by Sense and good Humour, grows pleasing to the Beholder, and interests him far beyond the dead Letter of Beauty. In short, Harriet, if, on a thorough Knowledge of Everard's Character, you have Courage enough to undertake the arduous Task of preserving the Heart which I am certain you have gained, you will render me as happy as I hope you will be yourself. It was some Time before I could persuade her I was in earnest, and

and yet longer before her Modesty would permit her to believe she had made the least Impression on the Heart of Everard; however, I exposed to her my Plan, and gained her Promise that she would act in Concert with me; but Love, and a Degree of Frankness in her Character that borders on Indiscretion, somewhat disconcerted my Measures by hastening their Effect. As soon as she had quitted me, for she was on the Wing to go to Lady Summers (how fond Women are of communicating their Love Secrets, Woodley) I sent for my Son, and addressed him in the following Manner: Well, Everard, are you still in the same Mind, and are you still obstinately bent against

Matri-

Matrimony. I hope, said he, the best of Fathers hitherto so indulgent will not exert the Authority which my Duty and Inclination give him over me, to exact from me a Sacrifice that will cost me the Happiness of my Life.

I certainly shall not, Everard, but you must also consider how painful it must be to me to see an ancient and noble Family finish in you, who I had fondly flattered myself would raise it anew with redoubled Lustre. But as you are determined, I shall insist no further. But, in Consequence of that Resolution, I have taken mine, which, I flatter myself, will meet no more Opposition from you than it has from
your

your Sister, to whom I have already communicated my Intentions. You know, that besides my landed Estates, I am possessed of a very considerable Sum of Money in the Funds, sufficient to provide for any Children I may have by another Marriage, without injuring either your Sister or you; I am therefore determined, as I am not yet of an Age to render such a Step ridiculous, to enter again into that State, which I believe of all others the happiest.

He answered to this in the Manner I expected from him, and assured me the Person I honoured with my Choice should ever be the Object of his Respect and Affection. Well then, Everard,

rard, added I, as I would wish to make this Step of mine as agreeable to my Children as possible, I have made Choice of a Person whom you both know and esteem; in a Word, of Miss Ottley—Of Miss Ottley! said he, flaring, and all his Blood rushing into his Face, —Yes, Sir, but why echo me? What is there in the Idea of Miss Ottley that shocks you? Do you know any Thing against her? No certainly Sir—But—But what? I again repeat is she not all that can be wished in a Wife? I know not, Sir, you are the best Judge, but I think you have every Pretention to expect Love of the Person you marry, and—Oh! as to that, interrupted I, don't be under any Anxiety,

ety, I have every Reason to believe I am not indifferent to her—Are you sure, Sir, that she loves you? Why, Everard, said I, looking in the Glass as we walked up and down the Room (don't you laugh at the Idea, Woodley?) Is there any Impossibility in my being the Object of her Affections? What Duplicity! said he, muttering between his Teeth. But, Sir, you must excuse me, if I still persist in thinking you might have made a better Choice. Mr. Villers, said I, in a Tone of Voice he was not used to from me, what can be the Meaning of all this, if your repeated Declarations against Marriage did not prevent my suspecting that you have Designs on her yourself, I should

I should be at no Loss to account for your Behaviour ; but as that is out of the Question, you can have no Motive for speaking in so slighting a Manner of a Woman highly deserving the Esteem, I will say the Love of a Man of the least Sentiment or Discernment ; but there is nothing farther to add on this Subject, for I expect that from this Day you look on Miss Ottley as one who is very shortly to wear the Name of Villers.—I can give you no Idea of his Emotions, which, however, he tried as much as possible to conceal, and making a low Bow, without one Word of Answer, he immediately withdrew. I wanted no farther Confirmation of his Sentiments ; but I wished to leave him in

in this State for a Day or two, in order to force him to a Confession, which would have made both my Consent and hers a Favour;—but I shall leave it to Harriet to give you the rest of the Transaction.

ARTHUR VILLERS.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS OTTLEY TO FRANCIS WOOD-
LEY, Esq.

SIR ARTHUR has imposed a severe Task on me, my dear Sir, but he says I deserve that Punishment for my Indiscretion; I might with Truth add for having been guilty of a Fault, and not repenting it.

As

As I knew Mr. Villers was with his Father, I watched his coming out, and saw him go immediately into his own Study. About half an Hour afterwards I went to him under Pretence of asking him for a French Book; when I went in he was sitting at a Table with Paper before him, which he was scribbling with his Pen, not seeming to know what he was about, his Head leaning on his Hand. I went in with as easy an Air as I could assume, and did all I could to hide my Emotion, (for, indeed, Mr. Woodley, my Heart throb'd most painfully) asking him for what I wanted. On hearing my Voice, he started up from his Chair, but with such a Cloud on his Brow! Madam, said

said he, still standing up, what are your Commands with me? Mr. Villers, said I, what is the Matter? Why all this Formality? I know my Distance, Madam, and the Respect that is due to Lady Villers—to my *Mother-in-Law*, added he, with a sarcastic Smile. Dear Mr. Villers, said I, do give me one Moment's Audience; only hear me, and then condemn me if you can? Will you be seated? He sat down, and I took a Chair near him, but he kept his Head turned from me, and his Eyes averted as fearing to look on me. It is with great Concern, Sir, said I, that I have learnt how averse you are to the Honour Sir Arthur meant to bestow on me; now, as a

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Man.

Man of your Understanding and Character never conceives an Opinion lightly, nor throws out Hints injurious to another without the strongest Reasons, I think I have a Right to insist on knowing how I have been unhappy enough to forfeit that Friendship you have so repeatedly vowed to me, and which I so highly valued.

Oh ! said he, still looking down, that Friendship you have forfeited, indeed, never was there a sincerer one, said he, sighing. But, Sir, in what Manner have I lost it ?—You are not sincere, why conceal from me that you loved my Father ?—Do you think, Mr. Villers, it is prudent or delicate for a
Woman

Woman to confess an Inclination for a Man who has never made any Professions to her?—I don't know, Madam—you are the best Judge, but you have Duplicity in your Character, all your affected Regard for me---but I might have known you loved my Father, I was blind not to see it, his Picture that you dropp'd, and concealed with such—I knew the Coat, stupid as I was---I might easily have guess it could be none but him. I could not help smiling, (but fortunately he did not see me) you are then certain it was Sir Arthur's Picture?—To be sure I am, or you are deceiving him as you have---Here he stopped short, but I knew what he was going to say, it was

sufficient, and I could hold out no longer; well then, said I, taking out the Picture which was, indeed, his own, here it is, content your Curiosity; no, said he, glancing his Eye towards it, I don't want to see it; but as I still held it just before him he could not avoid it, he started at the Sight, and turned to me with such a Look! Ah! Mr. Woodley,

“ All Paradise was open'd in a Face.”

He caught my Hands, and, looking at me for a Moment, he dropp'd his Head on my Shoulder---saying, and do you indeed love me, Harriet? Ought that to come first from me, Villers?

lers?—Ah! my dear Harriet, if you knew all you would not wonder---But I have indeed done you Injustice to judge you by others---Tell me, said he, looking tenderly on me, how have you done to gain such an Ascendant over me? I know not what I answered; but, recollecting himself, he said, But how am I to reconcile this with what my Father has just told me?—I own I did wrong, but, anxious to end his Doubts, I owned Sir Arthur had taken that Method to bring him to declare his Sentiments. He shook his Head, saying, my Father is the best of Men, and the best of Parents, but he has certainly always mistaken in Regard to me, why use Deceit?---But, come, said he, let

us go to him;—I was glad to put an End to the Conversation, as I was embarrassed what to answer; but, I own, I was a little fearful of having incurred Sir Arthur's Displeasure by having infringed his Orders. When we entered the Room, he went up to his Father, and, taking his Hand, he said to him, Dear Sir, who must I believe? Am I to look on Miss Ottley as my Mother or my Wife? Sir Arthur immediately looked on me, who was covered with Blushes, and said, with that Smile of Benignity which is peculiar to him, and so, Madam, you have betrayed me? You have let this Lordly Sultan know that we waited his Consent to make him the happiest Man in the World.

World. As I began to ask his Pardon, No, my dear Harriet, said he, you are mistaken, it is not *my* Pardon but your own that you stand in Need of; you have lost, by your own Imprudence, what you never will regain; for, had you followed my Advice, we would have reduced him to intreat for that, which he now only condescends to accept. Indeed, indeed, Sir, said he, you wrong me greatly, I feel and acknowledge my Harriet's Worth, and ever shall be sensible of the Treasure I possess. Sir Arthur then turned to me, and said, whatever Faults Everard may have, he is incapable of Deceit, I know the Rectitude of his Mind, and, if he has told you he loves you

you may believe him. But, you must not expect his Love to equal your own, because you have too plainly shewn the Extent of your's; but, indeed, added he, smiling, there ought to be most Love on your Side, as you will have most to bear with.

This, my dear Sir, is the exact Account of what past in a Transaction that tends to render me the happiest of Women; need I say how great a Degree of Gratitude and Esteem is due to him who cultivated the Virtues of my Villers, from his

Most sincere Friend

And obedient Servant,

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LET-

L E T T E R X X X I V .

Miss OTTLEY to Lady ANNE ALTON.

A F T E R the Account contained in my last, * your Ladyship will not wonder that I can scarce find Time to write even to my best of Friends, were it not to entreat her to honour me with her Presence at Villers Castle on the happiest Occasion of my Life. As the whole Villers Family join with me in this Request, I flatter myself my dear Lady Anne will not lose one

* This Letter containing the same Particulars as the foregoing, is omitted.

Moment

Moment in giving that Satisfaction to her ever grateful Harriet Ottley.

As I bring no Fortune into the Family, I had ventured to entreat of Sir Arthur that the Wedding might be privately solemnized in the Presence of his own Family and our Friends from Woodley Green. But the Answer he made me was this, For the very Reason you give, my Dear, it cannot be celebrated with too much Eclat, as I wish to give the most Public Testimony of my Approbation, and the Pleasure I feel at receiving into my Family a Woman who will do it more Honour by her Virtues, than by any Fortune she could have been possessed of. My
dearest

dearest Everard and Lady Summers, ever kindly partial to me, being of the same Opinion, I was obliged to consent, and even to sacrifice some of those Moments to the Choice of unnecessary Ornament, which I had much rather devote to my Everard.

But I must recount to you a Conversation which past between us last Night, which has, I own, set my Heart at Rest upon a Subject which I own I was not quite easy about.

He had been talking to me in the tenderest Manner, and professing his Affection in the warmest Terms, whilst I listened to him with the most heart-felt

felt Delight. I could not however help saying to him, May I then flatter myself that your happy Harriet possesses the Whole, the undivided Heart of her beloved Villers? He fixed his Eyes on me,—I know, my Love, your Meaning, though you are too delicate to explain yourself. But let it suffice to you to say, that no Woman on Earth shares with you in my Affections; and let it, my dearest Harriet, be the first Proof of your Compliance never to enquire into the Particulars of an Affair, I once entrusted you with. It is sufficient for me that a Woman is concerned, however unworthy, not to expose what may injure her; besides that I cannot recall it without feeling great Pain.

Pain. This was sufficient for me to enquire no farther; but as he had at the Time talked in Raptures of her Beauty and Accomplishments, I could not help expressing some Regrets as to my own Delicacy in these Points. You have nothing to regret, said he, the Sentiments I feel for you are of a different and much more lasting Nature. I will not say that you have a Mastery over my Senses, or that you have so disturbed my Reason, but *that* Violence of Passion is what no Woman of Sense or Prudence, ought to wish to inspire; it is usually sudden and short lived. The Sentiments you inspire are gentle and pleasing like yourself; I know, your Merit, and am sure you love me.—

My

My poor Harriet, I put you to too severe a Trial by that Confidence, for I could not but perceive you loved me even at that Time. But it was reserved to you to reign over the Heart which you have had Patience and Perseverance enough to gain, and never did I think any one could have such an Ascendant over me, but you have obtained it by your Character ; preserve it ever, and though you may find Changes in my Humour (for I will not promise to correct that entirely) you will never find any in my Affections. Thus did the most generous of Men relieve my Doubts, and confirm my Happiness. Hasten then, my dear Lady Anne, to

Your now happy

HENRIETTA OTTLEY.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady ANNE ALTON to WILLIAM ALTON, Esq.

THOUGH the happy Knot has been tied several Days, this is the first Moment I have been able to steal to give my dear Brother the Account I promised him. I was received here with the sincerest Joy by Harriet, and with the most polite and friendly Cordiality by the whole Family. I found here Lady Everard, Sir Arthur's Sister, Mr. Woodley, and his amiable Wife, and some Relations both Male and Female; Lord Summers is just arrived from

from Ireland ; but neither Harry Summers nor his Sister were present, though both invited ; the Reasons for which were obvious. The Preparations were magnificent, and worthy the Generosity and Fortune of Sir Arthur Villers. But what was the most interesting to me, was the artless Joy that appeared to reign among the Tenants and Servants, all of whom appeared to share in this Event as if it had been a personal Concern to them. As to Harriet, solely engrossed by Villers, it seemed a Pain to her to cast one Thought on all the Profusion of Finery that has been lavished on her.

When I entered the House, and saw the Family assembled, I own I was
astonished

astonished at the Figure of Mr. Villers, though prepared, by Harriet's Account, to see something more than Mortal. Yet, notwithstanding all that, I am not sure I should not prefer the Father to the Son, for to a very fine Person and an agreeable Manner, he adds that Frankness, that Openness of Countenance, which at once engages all who know him. Though he is turned of Forty-four, no one would give him above Thirty-six; and, upon the Whole, I repeat to you that he is a dangerous Acquaintance for a Widow of Twenty-eight. As to Mr. Woodley, his Manners, his Address, and his Understanding, fully justify the excessive Consideration he enjoys in this Family.

O

The

The Morning before the Marriage, Sir Arthur called Miss Ottley into his Closet, and putting into her Hand Bank Notes to the Amount of 1500*l*. he told her that was all he had been able to save from the Wreck of her Fortune, that it was her's to make such use of as she pleased ; but, added he, with a Smile, I am only giving you your own, permit me to add this to it as a nuptial Present ; so saying, he gave her another Bill of 500*l*. This Generosity almost overcame her ; for the Settlements are as favourable to her as if she had brought a large Fortune. She told me she meant to employ this Sum in founding a House of Education for young Girls under her own Inspection, assisted by the Advice of Mr. Woodley.

Woodley. I know, said she, it is usual on these Occasions, to portion Girls, and marry them; but in my Opinion it is only engaging so many Persons to make themselves miserable for a small Sum, as Inclination is the last Thing consulted. But when I am quite settled, I shall myself endeavour to discover what young People there are who wish to come together, and are prevented by Want of a Sufficiency, those I shall make happy at a very small Expence, by enabling them to begin the World, and gain an honest Living by Industry; for the Toils of Life are chearfully supported when shared with the Object of our Affections.

The Morning of the Wedding was ushered in by ringing of Bells, &c.

and all the Tenants appeared in white Favours. All the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry were invited, and the Ceremony performed by Mr. Philmore, Mrs. Woodley's Brother. There was a Platform laid from the Hall Door in a direct Line to the West Door of the Church, which, but on this Occasion, had not been opened in many Years. The Bride was most elegantly and richly drest, and though not a Beauty, there was a Result and Expression in her Countenance, and a Grace in her Manner, capable almost of distancing Beauty itself. You know she has very fine Eyes, and remarkably good Teeth, which after all are capital Points. The Dinner was, as you may imagine, sumptuous, after which there was a Concert, which

which gave Mr. Villers an Opportunity of displaying a Talent which he possesses in an eminent Degree. His Voice and Execution are beyond Imagination. The Evening concluded with a Ball, where again the all-conquering Villers bore away the Palm, nor was his Bride much inferior to him. The Feasts and Rejoicings lasted three Days; but now, thank Heaven, each Man is returned to his own Home, and we begin to enjoy ourselves in a Manner that seems more pleasing to us all, especially to the new married Couple.

The second Day after the Marriage, Mr. Woodley was summoned away by an Express, which brought him news of the Death of his Uncle in Warwickshire.

wickshire. By this Relation, who has left no Children, Mr. Woodley becomes Heir to upwards of 1200*l.* *per Ann.* and as his Uncle never took the least Notice of him during his Lifetime, Mr. Woodley has all the *Agrements* of a considerable Inheritance, unaccompanied by those Regrets which are due to the Loss of a Friend.

It is really delightful to see Sir Arthur *aux petits Soins* with his Daughter-in-Law, and the Pleasure with which Lady Summers seems to pronounce the Name of Sister ; as to Villers, it is easy to perceive the Pride he feels in being loved almost to Folly, by a Woman whose superior Sense and Judgment every one around him looks up to. He certainly is amazingly attached to her ;

her; but it is my Opinion *that* Attachment is of a Nature to increase, as he comes to be more and more acquainted with the Virtues and Qualities of my amiable Friend. The pressing Invitation I have received to spend the remaining part of the Autumn at Villers Castle, is too agreeable to be refused; for, to be witness of the Happiness of those we love, is to be happy one's-self. It will therefore be some Time before you will again see

Your affectionate Sister

And Friend,

ANNE ALTON.

LETTER XXXVI.

FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq. to EVERARD VILLERS, Esq.

MY Task is now performed, my Wish fulfilled; my beloved Pupil has now entered that State which alone is capable of giving as much Happiness as this Life is capable of. Yet before I relinquish the Name of Tutor, I must take the Liberty of offering to you some Observations dictated by Affection, and confirmed by Experience. The Choice you have made is worthy of yourself; Mrs. Villers adds to every Quality of the Heart, the Charms of an adorned and cultivated Understanding; but that which ought chiefly to recommend her to you,
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is that Love, that Tendernefs, that Deference for you, which it muft be your Study, for your mutual Happinefs, to preferve and increafe by your Conduct. My dear Villers, I know not what it is to flatter, you muft therefore allow me to tell you, that with fuch Virtues as few men are endowed with, you have Faults that are difficult to fupport. Beware that a Temper hitherto uncurbed betray you not into an Abuse of that Power, which the Rights of a Husband, and Mrs. Villers's unbounded Fondnefs, give you over her; that ſhe will moft chearfully bear with all its Inequalities I do not doubt, but too frequently repeated, I would not answer that by Length of Time, that Love, that Duty, which
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are now the Delight of her Life, may not become a painful and melancholy Sentiment to her. The Mind, as well as Body, can bear but to a certain Point; and how could you support the Reflexion of saying to yourself, I have lost by my own Caprice, that Empire which I had gained over the most deserving of Women.—For, be assured, dear Villers, the Qualities of the Heart, the Charms of Figure, and the Accomplishments derived from Education, may excite Admiration and gain Love, but there is nothing can preserve and keep it up but that Return of Tenderneſs, which, by a delicate and feeling Mind, is required in Proportion to what it gives. I have therefore only to recommend to you that one Point; on all others, I have

have the Pride and Happiness to boast that my Pupil is an Honour to his Family, and his Country, and (that one Failing excepted) to Human Nature itself.

I hope soon to be a Witness to your Happiness, as I shall shortly return to Woodley Green, where I propose to pass the greatest part of my Life, and where, whilst I enjoy your Society, and contemplate the Virtues I have nurtured, I shall reap the full Reward of all my pleasing Labours, and, at my Death, shall have the Satisfaction of returning to the Family of my Benefactors, what I derived from their Generosity. 'Tis, with a Heart overflowing with Gratitude and Affection, that I subscribe myself,

Dear Villers,

Your ever Sincere Friend,

FRANCIS WOODLEY.

LETTER XXXVII.

FRANCIS WOODLEY, Esq. to Mrs.
VILLERS.

TWAS with that Modesty which forms so distinguishing a Part of your Character, and that Diffidence of your own Judgment, the Excellence of which all who know you acknowledge, that you applied to me, my dear Madam, for those Rules concerning your Conduct in the Marriage State, which I am sure your own Heart will dictate to you without my Assistance. Yet since you desired my Sentiments, I will freely give them. You are united to the Man of your Choice; a Man whose Superiority is acknowledged by

by all who know him, and who is the object of all your Affections. You are not to imagine that with all these Advantages your Task is an easy (though a pleasing) one to render him happy, and, in Consequence, to be so yourself.

I have no Occasion to recommend to you a higher Sense of his Perfections than what you have; but the important Point to study is Indulgence of his Failings. You will tell me, to that, that you have known them all; but you must permit me to answer you, that a Figure like Mr. Villers's must dazzle a Female Eye, and his Accomplishments a Female Mind; but your Eye will, by a Habit of living together, become familiar to that Form, and your Mind to those Talents.

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Then is the Danger that you should see his Failings in a different Light, accustom yourself to watch for them, and to conform to them by Time. Mr. Villers, educated by a too indulgent Father, has never known the Accent of Reproof; his Heart is noble and generous; but his Temper, if once thwarted, knows no Controul. 'Tis your Part to submit to it; to oppose Caprice by Gentleness; and, above all, when he is Wrong never to point it out to him. His own Goodness of Heart will shew him his Error, and his Generosity will sufficiently instruct him how to value the Delicacy of your Conduct. He will find he has given Pain to the Heart that loves him; and he will insensibly correct himself of a Fault that must,

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for a Moment, lower him in his own Eyes. 'Tis by *that* gentle, *that* persuasive Patience, *that* well-judged Sacrifice of her own Humour to that of her Husband, that a virtuous and sensible Woman gains an Ascendancy over his Mind, *which* redounds to their mutual Advantage. Let vain Women think what they please, and let Lovers protest ever so much to the Contrary to the Coquet they wish to gain, in every social Compact there must be some ruling Power, and in the Marriage State the Subordination must be on one Side; Nature seems to have ordained it should be on that of the Woman. There can be no Equality; the only Difference is, that in well concerted Marriages, the Husband will never exert his
Power,

Power, because his Wife will take Care by her Conduct, to render that Exertion unnecessary.

Go on, my dear Madam, as you have begun; may the Love you have for each other continue till Time shall ripen it into that tender Friendship, that endearing Esteem, which, in the latter Part of Life more than supplies the Place of those rapturous Sensations which delight us in our Youth. And may the Fruits of your happy Union be to you both what my Villers and his beloved Harriet are to the best of Fathers, and of Men. Such is the ardent Wish of

Madam,

Your most affectionate Friend,

And most devoted Servant,

FRANCIS WOODLEY.

THE END.

